

**The Seven Petitions
OF THE LORD'S PRAYER**

Exemplified

by Jsabella Braun.



PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN WEIK.

LD 793

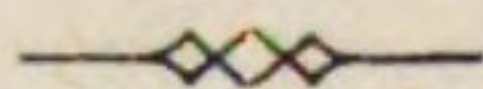
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THE SEVEN PETITIONS

OF THE

LORD'S PRAYER.



EXEMPLIFIED BY

ISABELLA BRAUN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

SARAH A. MYERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN WEIK.

[ca. 1865]

THE SEVEN PETITIONS

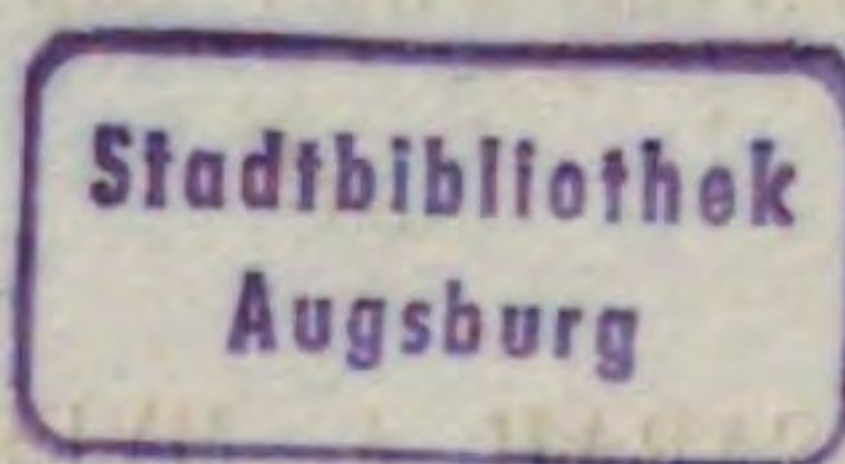
OF THE

LORD'S PRAYER

EXEMPLIFIED BY

ISAAC BARRETT

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN



1957 2375

PHILADELPHIA

JOHN W. E. K.

**'Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed
be thy name.'**

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man to bear more joyfully. — Having performed his mission well, the rain is sent to aid him in his work; refreshing the parched earth and swelling the brooks, rivulets and far-
gent streams, as they rush on to the sea — Is the earth with its myriads of living creatures weary with long waking the kind Father of all bestows the grateful curtain of night and gives to their drooping eyelids the blessing of sleep. The very darkness that veils the beauty of nature, is but another proof of His paternal care; the moon and stars as they move along in their silent courses and wonderful brightness, are they not lovely messengers from the Great

'Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.'

Truly there is little of earthly good necessary to make man happy during his brief sojourn on earth! Life is itself a great blessing, and the visible creation, so beautiful in its arrangement, and the world, — o it is happiness to dwell in it, for God has made and given it for a dwelling place for his favorite creatures whom he pronounced but a little lower than the angels. — The sun illumines the early morning hours, and pouring out a flood of golden light, warms the air, nourishes the flowers and plants, smiles upon the leafy canopy of the forest, refreshes the innumerable living creatures that dwell in flood or field, and makes the heart of

man to beat more joyfully. — Having performed his mission well, the rain is sent to aid him in his work; refreshing the parched earth and swelling the brooks, rivulets and larger streams, as they rush on to the sea. — Is the earth with its myriads of living creatures weary with long waking, the kind Father of all bestows the grateful curtain of night and gives to their drooping eyelids the blessing of sleep. The very darkness that veils the beauty of nature, is but another proof of His paternal care; the moon and stars as they move along in their silent courses and wonderful brightness, are they not lovely messengers from the Great Father, who watches over all?

Surely, then it is happiness to live in a world which bears so many traces of a Father's love and care.

So at least thought Mr. Reynolds and his wife, a pious, simple-hearted couple who loved each other well, but God supremely. They did not possess wealth in abundance; a little farm cultivated by their own industrious hands, and enriched by the blessing of God, was their sole earthly endowment; with this however they were perfectly contented, and when an addition to the family was made by the birth of a little girl, their happiness was perfect, and as they acknowledged all as coming from a benevolent Father in Heaven, they united in a prayer of gratitude to the giver of all good.

'Our God! we will praise thy name for ever and ever! Thou art great and thy goodness is unspeakable! Children's children shall extol thy name and glorify thee for thine excellency and kindness.'

And now the eyes of the happy parents fell upon the sleeping child; and they felt the great importance of the charge entrusted to their care, an heir of immortality; — they joined their hands over the unconscious little being, and with enthusiastie fervor, promised to bring it up in the knowledge and fear of God, and teach it how to reverence and hallow his holy name.

'To Thee O God! we dedicate this child. Let thy name be written on her heart. From hour to hour, from day to day, teach her to know and love Thee more and better.' — But reader! did those parents keep their word?

Whilst the little creature just budded into life lay yet unconscious in her cradle, the holy ordinance of baptism, the sign and seal of ingrafting into Christ, was administered, and thus, although passive and helpless, she was made a partaker of the covenant of grace, and again the parents renewed their solemn obligation to bring her up to serve Him who hath bidden all to call Him: 'Father in Heaven.'

A twelve month had passed over her cradle life, and as the little lady received daily accessions of strength and beauty, the dawning of reason, at first faint like the break-

ing of day, was visible in the unfolding spirit. At first the little eyes were turned lovingly towards the mother, next the chubby arms were stretched forth in mute entreaty to be nursed; and as the days rolled on, each one made a change — mysterious as it is and little noticed — towards that maturity of understanding, which is man's peculiar prerogative to enjoy.

The little Louisa lay no longer half the time unconscious in her little crib; she sat alone on the floor or else was carried about in her mother's arms; that pious mother, who taught her even now to fold the 'little hands in prayer,' before her lips could speak the words 'Our Father,' and taught the feeble knees to kneel, when the little one saw her parents communing with the Great Hearer of prayer.

Another year flew by, and like the newly fledged birds that feel ready to leave the nest, the little girl no longer cared for her cradle, but trotted and gambolled round the room, prattling all the time in the incomprehensible language of childhood, and such as no stranger could have conjectured the meaning of. Her parents, however, understood it well; but still even they did not know what all those terms endeavouring to pour forth the thoughts of a child's heart meant, — God the Great Father in Heaven only could read the yet dimly written page, for to Him only is every language intelligible; the varied speech of nations, the sighing

of the sick, the moans of the dying — or the lisping accents of childhood; — nay the mute speech of nature and the numberless subjects of her realm.

Nor longer now is little Louisa's prayer a silent one; for sitting in her mother's lap, she raises her folded hands to Heaven, and speaks the words devoutly as coming from her heart, 'Our Father who art in Heaven! — Hallowed be thy name!' — Further than this, the first petition, her mother had not taught her. She thought it better she should comprehend and take in its whole meaning, deeming that this part of the prayer was enough for so young a child to learn; — an almost infant, living in its yet untroubled innocence, surrounded by the kingdom of grace — not able to know and fulfil the will of God as angels do in heaven, — having no care for the provision of daily bread; — neither offending nor being offended by any one, and as yet not exposed to the danger of temptation and sin.

But when the third year of little Louisa's life came round, and brought with it a greater power of comprehension, then Mrs. Reynold began to teach her more of that kind Father in Heaven, to whom, in her lisping speech, she daily prayed. 'Louisa', she said, 'Heaven where the angels dwell, we all look up to as also the dwelling place of God whom you every day address as your Father in Heaven,' but He is not only there but in every place. He sees you, although

you do not see him, and gives you all you have, caring more and doing more for you than your earthly father is able to do. He has bestowed life upon you, and parents who love you, and will not deny any needful good, for he loves little children who are good and pray to him, asking for his blessing.

Since he has given us so much to thank Him for, and will still provide for our real wants, it is the duty of all to praise him for all that is past, and trust him for all time to come. Therefore we call upon Him both in our hearts and with our lips, 'Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name.'

Thus the mother taught her little child, and the seed thus early and judiciously strown would surely bear fruit. At first she seemed afraid to speak the holy name, and never did but with the utmost reverence, but as she, further learned His attributes, she loved as well as feared the Great Father, whose eye scans every corner of the Universe, and the darkest nooks of the human heart.

When trotting by her mother's side, the little girl roamed through the fields or garden, and saw how beautiful the world was and rejoiced to watch the shining beetles or gaudy butterflies, and heard that God had made them all, she wondered at his power. — When she plucked a flower and inhaled its perfume, and her mother told her that a Heaven-

ly Father had adorned the world in such glorious beauty to make man happy, she thanked him for his paternal kindness. — And sometimes too, when the little maiden was unruly and exhibited the germs of a sinful nature which is to be found in all, and her mother would bid her ‘remember that the Eye of God was resting upon her, — for He is God over all, whether in earth or in heaven;’ a holy dread filled the child’s heart before the hallowed Omnipresence. ‘When you are naughty, and violate his law, he will punish you because he hates sin, but if you are good and keep his commandments, he will bless and love you; he is just as well as holy, doing to all as they deserve. — Thus as the little girl learned more and more of His attributes, she loved his holiness whilst she trembled at his justice; — those glorious attributes that constitute his power and his name, and stand out so clearly before him who prays sincerely, ‘Hallowed be thy name.’

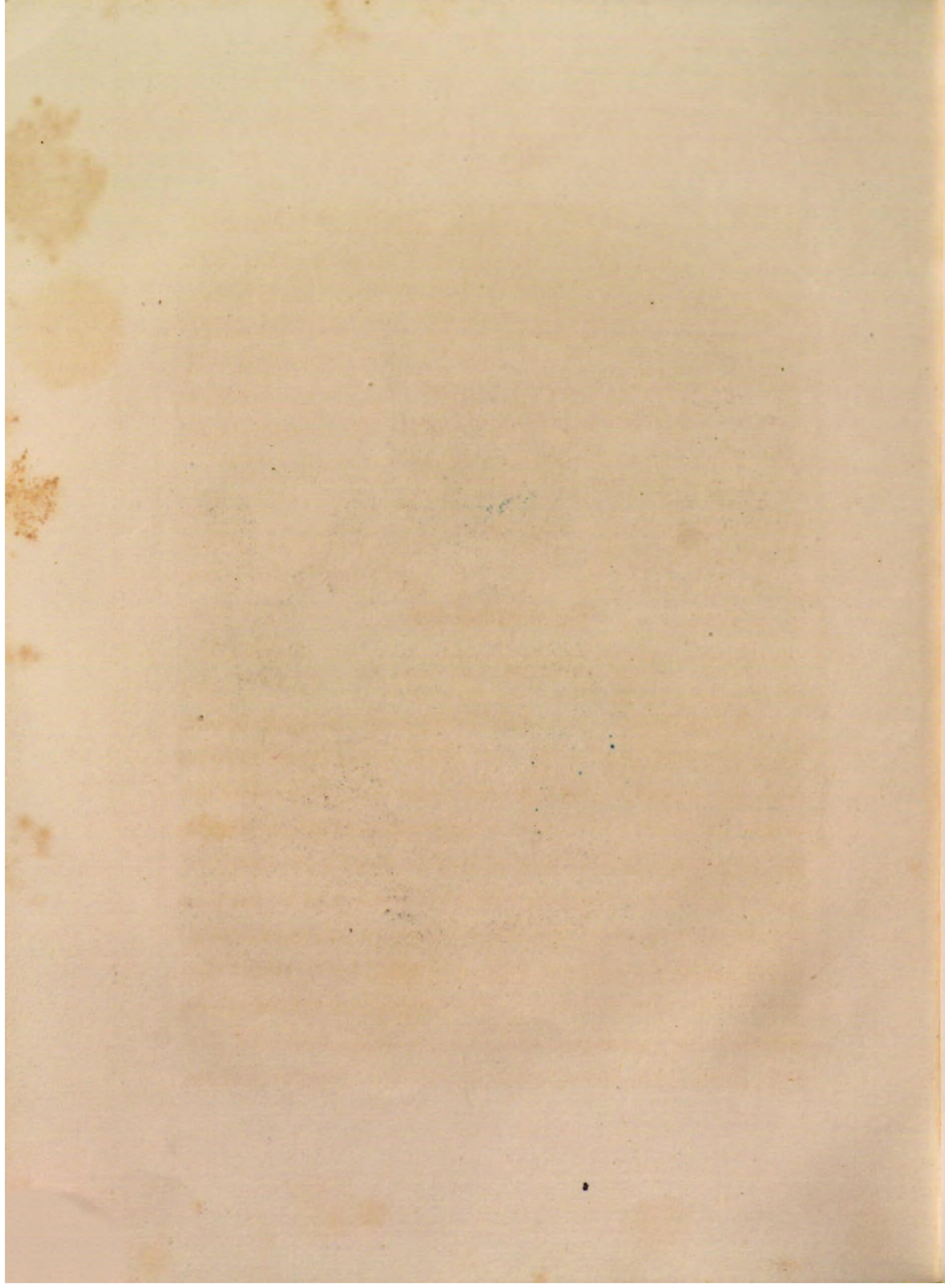
O most beautiful office of the ministration of a mother’s love, — what on earth can compare with it in loveliness and worth — the first impressive teaching of the knowledge and love of God to a child, — to write upon the yet pure tablet His name, ‘Father’ — and attributes; — planting so deep a root in the heart of the little immortal, that nothing can ever wholly eradicate it; no storm of earth born passion, no sorrow nor pain — not even the fearful and withering

breath of sin, is able to uproot the tree of faith, which has grown and spread from that early laid foundation on the Rock of ages. — Mothers all who may chance to read this simple little book, rejoice that you are called to the fulfilment of such a holy office; and you children! — listen to the voice which tells you of a kind Father in Heaven. Receive every word of her lips, and treasure them up in your young hearts; they shall prove your best inheritance, and in such good soil the good seed will germinate and take root; the buds of prayer will bloom and expand; and a tree will grow, even the tree of faith with its glorious fruit, confidence in God and practice of every Christian virtue.

Little Louisa had received her mother's teaching in the true spirit, and grew up a pious and gentle maiden; loving God herself she became in turn the joy of her parents and the delight of all that knew her. — Do the same, dear reader, so shall you share her privileges and be beloved both by God and man.

'Thy Kingdom Come.'





which chilled the heart of the old grand mother, thawed in the warm sunshine of the little ones' love. Even as the dark forest in some gloomy night, illumined by the glow worm's lamp, is made to resemble a fairy kingdom, so do such softened glories illumine the dim horizon of declining life, when, in its gloomy evening, a troop of loving grand children cluster round the knees of the aged.

Happy is a king in the midst of his people who love him as their father, and blessed are the feelings with which he watches over the welfare of his kingdom: but far more happy and blessed is that father who rules over a well trained and united family; —

'Thy Kingdom Come.'

O thou peaceful and united family circle! praise and greeting a thousand times is thy due! What is like or can compare with the happiness thou preparest for us? How exultingly laughs the father's eye; what a gentle smile plays on the mother's lip, when the little band of children stand by her knee, either learning their lessons or playing at some innocent game, or else the merry group circling round their grand mother like tendrils of youthful ivy around some aged oak; she is almost smothered in the close embrace. — The parents saw themselves renewed in their children, and led by memory, wandered once more through the flowery paths of youth; — the frosts of age

which chilled the heart of the old grand mother, thawed in the warm sunshine of the little ones' love. Even as the dark forest in some gloomy night, illumined by the glow worm's lamp, is made to resemble a fairy kingdom, so do such softened glories illumine the dim horizon of declining life, when, in its gloomy evening, a troop of loving grand children cluster round the knees of the aged.

Happy is a king in the midst of his people who love him as their father, and blessed are the feelings with which he watches over the welfare of his kingdom: but far more happy and blessed is that father who rules over a well trained and united family; kings might envy him although his realm is but a small one. — O ye festivals that in youth we loved to celebrate, how sweetly memory brings to us in years marked by the declining shadow, the remembrance of joys that we have tasted; joys that, although they can return no more, melt the heart to tenderness and peace. But of all the festivals that we were used to celebrate, none was so delightful as the Christmas.

Come dear children; I invite you to celebrate such an one with me. — In the nursery room, and forbidden to leave it sat three children, to whom the time seemed very very long; it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and a full hour must pass before candles would be brought.

'I do not believe it will ever be dark to day,' cried Charles in a tone of impatience. 'When one does not want evening, it is

sure to come; and now when we are all longing for it, it stays away just to spite us.'

'Do have a little more patience, Charles,' said his sister Caroline, 'or else St. Nicholas will not come down our chimney, but fly away and have nothing to do with us. Cannot you begin to play at something, instead of standing about so idly?' — Caroline had some knitting work in her hand, and did not fail to try to be industrious, but it did not avail much, as she dropped one stitch after another, for her heart was beating with as much anxiety as that of her brother. — She tried, however, to conceal it as far as was possible, for her mother had given her the charge of the younger children and admonished her to be steady if she would have them obey her.

Little Lottie sighed as she said, 'Baby Stephen is the best off of any, for he is in the cradle asleep. Carrie, you will waken me — won't you? Say — 'yes,' — for if you promise, I will take a little nap.' — Lina promised to do so, Lottie seated herself upon a low stool, crossed her chubby arms on her lap and leaned her curly head on them, first this way, — then that, in hopes of courting sleep, but she turned restlessly from side to side, for sleep came not; no — the little heart was too anxious.

Caroline counted every stroke of the clock, and proclaimed the passing time to the others. At last the light of day faded, and it became quite dark; they were all as still as mice; they listened — took each other by the hand, in readiness for the long expec-

ted hour which must now surely soon come, and scarcely daring to breathe.

But what is that? A bell ringing in the best parlor; surely that is a footstep coming; the door opens, and their mother enters hastily. She takes them by the hand, an ocean of light is beaming around them; they rush into the parlor to meet it, and there stands the tall Christmas tree in all its glory.

The children stopped at the door, too much entranced to advance further; so light, so brilliant was the scene that met their wondering sight, that they doubted if they were really awake. Surely they were so, but whence proceeded that sweet music which filled the room. Ah! they remembered how the angels had proclaimed the birth of the Saviour to the watching shepherds, how they sung amid the stars and glories of the night, and now here was a welcome from human voices rising in the home of peace, and surrounded by the blessings purchased by his coming and benevolence. How attentively they listened to the sweet words so distinctly uttered that all could understand them.

'O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang 'Peace on earth?'

To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith in days gone by
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky.'

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the Shepherd's head;

Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night.
Of Hope and Joy and Faith,
O clear and shining light.

O star which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou? Midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee?

In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim —
Send them to guide us yet!
O star which led to Him.

The music was no illusion but reality, for the musicians were stationed in an adjoining room and the sweet and solemn cadences moved every soul to a feeling of devotion. At length the strain was ended, and their father appeared with little Stephen, their baby brother in his arms. — The children, as if unfettered at this moment, gave way to the joy pent up in their hearts; and as it now overflowed in the fullest exuberance, were noisy in their mirthful demonstrations.

Little Charles danced about the room clapping his hands in

an ecstasy of delight, looking first at this, then at that, unable to tell what pleased him best. Caroline on the other hand, examined every thing carefully, thoughtfully considering their several good or useful qualities, or — perhaps more naturally — trying to guess what was intended for her, until at last, when she took up the large doll, she gave way to the tide of childish love, and pressed the painted lady to her heart. — Lottie heed been able to know what she wanted.; a little wagon had struck her fancy and having appropriated it, was soon absorbed in her own play. Little Stephen stretched his arms towards the lights and wanted every thing he saw on the Christmas tree. At last the gifts were divided and the children were happy in possession of their treasures.

Gradually all became more silent; the first burst of pleasure being over, they clustered around their grandmother now seated in her arm chair, to show her their treasures. — Age had not chilled the kindly flow of affection, although it had whitened her hair and dimmed the light of her eyes, and entering into the spirit of their childish joy, she examined and praised all the good and pretty Christmas toys to their full satisfaction and her own happiness derived from a view of theirs. — A new burst of delight was the consequence of this admiration, but a greater one followed when taking up the large family bible she showed to the wondering group, how the Saviour lay in a manger surrounded alike by the oxen at their cribs, and the sage travelers

from the East. — All eyes rested on the picture of the Holy Family and every ear listened in devout attention to the words which the good old grandmother read of the night on which the Saviour of the world was born, how the angels announced it to the shepherds on the plain; and how the wise men sought and found him. — Having closed her book, she addressed a few words to the children.

‘You see now, my dear children, what is the meaning of the Christmas festival, and experience in your present joy how much there is in this life to make one happy. — But how much more lovely—how much more satisfying is the kingdom of heaven, where God and the angels dwell. We all wish to be admitted there, but sin has prevented; only through the Saviour’s love and guidance dare we hope to find an entrance to that happy place. For our sakes and to accomplish our salvation, it was that he became as a little child and leaving his glorious throne in heaven came down to teach us how to live, and last of all, endured the painful death of the cross and shed his precious blood to purchase redemption for and give us admission to the blessed world beyond the grave. On Christmasday 1856 years ago the way to this kingdom was opened, and therefore it is that the Christmas festival is always one of rejoicing. This beautiful tree with its varied treasures and brilliant flood of light, is intended for an emblem of that kingdom, where the

saints shall reign in glory and for whose coming we daily pray when we say, 'Thy kingdom come.'

But do you know, my dear ones, what the Savior desires of you, or what you must do if, and there is no other way than through him, you will find the way to the kingdom of God? — 'Give me thine heart,' is his injunction, — follow his example of piety, innocence, gentleness and obedience, as set forth in his own childhood. — Your hearts, while you yet live on earth, must resemble the kingdom of heaven; — like it they must be full of love to God, humility, holiness and sanctified peace. Then, dear children, the blessed Saviour will have pleasure in you, and your prayer, 'may thy kingdom come,' will be amply fulfilled.

The aged grandmother was silent, and as she remarked that tears of emotion glistened in the eyes of her young auditors, her heart was glad, for the impression made at this tender age could not be effaced by the passage of years. — The little listeners kissed their grandmother and parents, promising to be all they wished and how they would in all things endeavour to follow the blessed Saviour, walking in his footsteps and keeping his commandments. Then kneeling down as was their custom before retiring, they repeated the beautiful petitions of the Lord's Prayer with a glow of devotional feeling, never experienced until now.

This concluded they went to bed, where they were soon visited by sweetest slumbers, such as is only known to happy childhood. How bright and holy were the dreams that visited them on that night; borrowing their impression from all that the little ones had seen and heard, they shadowed forth the opening heavens and the shining throng as seen by the shepherds on the Syrian plain, and it seemed as if the song, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men,' fell sweetly on their dreaming ears.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, than they awoke in the full knowledge of their sacred joy. Many greetings, many wishes of 'a merry Christmas,' to parents and friends, many noisy demonstrations of renewed delight were given on a further survey of the treasures brought by the return of the annual festival, filled up the earlier and latter parts of the day. All were happy — they had much to be thankful for, and when the sun sinking behind the snow-covered hills warned them that the long anticipated day was past, they closed the parting hours with prayer. Sweet was the incense of their grateful hearts as it rose to heaven, for filled with gratitude for the many mercies with which their lives were crowned, they were doubly thankful for the greater gift of a Mediator, who, touched with a feeling of man's infirmities, enables him to come boldly before the

throne of grace, that he may obtain grace and favor for this life, and pray with pious confidence of being answered according to his desire, 'may thy kingdom come.'

'Thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.'

Thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.



'Thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.'

I.

It is a very little village to which I am about to take you, dear young reader, and I beg you to enter with me into the very smallest house there and which stands at the end of the long street; it is the home of a widow and her two children George and Anna. — She is very-very poor, not even owning the old house, but only occupies it as a renter. It is an error to suppose that, because poverty was ruler here, it was accompanied with disgusting filth, rags and discomfort; on the contrary, all is beautifully clean, pure and neat, from the rosy faces of the children to the innermost thoughts of their hearts; from the well

scoured threshold to the little dark bed room in the loft. And why? They made the pure word of God, the rule of their daily life, and as this with pure water and industrious hands can accomplish wonders in the homes of poverty, it had not failed to remove all repulsive features from this lowly abode.

The room, although clean as hands could make it, was yet very poorly and scantily furnished; still it was not altogether without ornament; a single one indeed, but in value surpassing the richest jewels of the earth. On a little rudely fashioned table, lay an old silver clasped bible, the last relic of better days and highly prized by the widow. Not however on account of its extrinsic value; — no, to the pious heart that received daily consolations from its inspired pages, the silver mounting was of no account; the truths that enabled her to scan her own heart and measure its defects, — as well as the promise it gave that all should work together for good, — the assurance that the righteous should not be forsaken, and that a blessed inheritance awaited the faithful beyond the shores of time; — this it was that made it to her a treasure of more value than silver or gold.

The children were happy, the roses of health bloomed on their cheeks and the sunlight of cheerfulness illumined their eyes; until now the daily food had never failed, and

this being the case, childhood looks no further than the present supply, and the cheek keeps ruddy on little. Not so however, the mother. Pale, feeble and worn out with the cares, sorrows, privations and sickness that had passed over her like a blighting storm and bent her to the earth, she formed indeed a strong contrast to her happy children. Still, her habitual piety kept her from repining, and in her faded eye, confidence in God and silent submission to his unerring will might yet be most plainly read.

The family had always been poor, even whilst the father lived, but when he became sick and gradually declined; and when after his death, their cottage was burned to the ground, their circumstances were lower than ever, and their sorrow grew greater. But the pious widow did not murmur, like Yob she said, 'The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;' and with this language on her lips and this trust in her heart, she did not sit down idly to grieve over her troubles, but exerted herself to the utmost to provide for her children. — She worked at any thing she could get to do; knit, sewed, spun, or laboured in the fields, and by using incessant industry, she was enabled to nourish her orphans, poorly, but in honest and honorable poverty. — Anna and George helped her as much as they could; the latter served a shepherd in the village as herdboyl; whilst his sister waited on little children, when

their mothers were too busy to attend them themselves, carried water for any one who wanted it, went on errands to the neighbouring town and, in short, made herself useful in any way she could.

The poor widow was now not able to send her children to school as steadily as she wished, and in the straitened circumstances in which her early life had been passed, she had not received an education sufficient to enable her to teach them in their leisure hours herself. But there was one kind of knowledge she was well versed in and could impart; one book which she knew by heart, whose precepts had been the guide of her youth, the joy of her happy life, and now her support and comfort in the days of affliction; and in this, the highest — best and most blessing, enriching knowledge she failed not to instruct them.

As many families in the slightest bodily ailment fly to a physician for aid, so did this one carry all their wants and cares to the great and powerful Physician in heaven, who has healing balm for all. George and Anna, although but children, had been taught to trust so confidently in the love and protection of the orphan's God, that they appealed to Him in all their childish troubles, and thus living, as it were, so constantly in his presence, their hearts became pure and their lives lovely. It was touching to see them kneeling in the confidence of their innocent simplicity before

the throne of the Great Ruler of heaven, putting up their petitions which ever met with acceptance, for if not answered according to the wish, they were sure to be granted proportionably to the need. Did the Heavenly Father hear them, does any one ask? The Scriptures tell us that he cares for the humble sparrow and numbers the hairs of our head; — his heart is full of compassion and mercy, and nothing is so small that it cannot claim his notice; He marks the rise and fall of kingdoms with the same eye which smiles on the holy emotions of a humble and pious heart. — It filled the widow's heart with joy to see them thus obedient to her teachings, and if she some times could not suppress a smile at the childish fervor of their simply worded prayers, it was also a smile of joy and gratitude over the bent their minds had taken.

'They carry all their little cares now to the throne of grace;' said she to herself, 'as years pass on, those cares will grow more serious and pressing; I will not disturb them in their childish confidence that God will answer always as they wish, no — let that trusting spirit also increase, so that when greater troubles come as they are sure to do, they may have comfort. — It is the only possession, I can give them, and the time is now near at hand when its value must be proved.'

Each day increased the maternal anxiety for the wel-

fare of her fatherless children, as she contemplated the event which would so soon give them a greater claim to a hearing, when they — deprived by death of human protection — should call upon the orphan's God as their Father. When George and Anna, unconscious that death was gradually unfolding his dark wing over their humble dwelling, lay upon their hard pallets, wrapped in the sweet and unconscious sleep of childhood, the widow hung over them, and prayed that strength might be given from above to enable them to bear the separation which she felt must soon ensue. Of her death she had not spoken; she did not wish that their cheefulness should be clouded a moment sooner than was necessary, but now she prayed, 'O Thou my God! be Thou a father to my orphans when Thou shalt have removed me from their sight.'

It was, however, her constant custom to close the exercises of their daily worship by repeating the Lord's prayer, and one day as she dwelt on its comprehensive words with more than usual earnestness, it awoke the attention of the children. 'Our Father, who art in Heaven! Hallowed be thy name! Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; Thy will be done — O yes — let thy will be done in all submission,' she repeated most earnestly and then after a short pause uttered in a firm voice the remaining petitions of the universal prayer.

'Mother,' enquired Anna, 'why did you repeat the third petition more than once, and why did you stop, as if you were choking. Tell me, dear Mother, why you did so.'

'Why I did so, my child?' repeated the widow, as she thought over, what explanation she should give her daughter who stood looking into her eyes, as if she would read her thoughts.

'Because my child,' said her mother at length, 'we often ask our Heavenly Father for things, for which in the hidden counsels of His wisdom He cannot grant, seeing that an answer according to our wish, would not be for our good. And more than this, Anna, — mark well what I say, — I prayed thus beseechingly, that God would bestow on us contented and submissive hearts to bear lovingly whatever he might send, although it might be sorrow instead of the blessing we asked. Do you understand me, Anna?'

'Not altogether Mother, — please tell me again,' replied the little maiden.

'Have you not often asked something of me, my child, which, although you begged hard, I did not grant.'

The little girl nodded an affirmation.

'And why did I not give you, what you were so desirous of having,' again enquired the widow.

'Because you knew, it would not be good for me,' answered Anna quickly.

And what did you do, if I refused to grant your request?

'Ah dear Mother forgive me! I was displeased and put on a discontented look.'

'But my daughter, how did you do when you were good, or rather, what ought you always to have done.'

'I was contented, or believing you had done what you knew was for the best, ought to have been satisfied.'

'Now, Anna, you can comprehend why I prayed to God, may Thy will be done, in the manner you noticed. Far better than I can judge what is best for you, does our Heavenly Father, who looks into the dark future, know what to grant, and it is often in great mercy he withholds the desired petition, for in our shortsightedness we ask amiss. Therefore is it we are right to pray, 'Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven, and our Saviour has given us the most beautiful example of submission, when in his deepest suffering on the night of his betrayal he prayed — 'Father, not my will be done but thine.' — Therefore because it is so hard to see through His providences, and to bring our hearts to bear cheerfully whatever trials He may see good to send, I prayed more than once, 'Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.' And then I stopped and thanked Him in silent gratitude that my prayer had not always been granted, but submission to the unerring will had been given in its stead.'

The widow's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and a deeper shade of melancholy spread over her pale features; Anna remarked the sorrowful expression, and partly read its meaning; her heart was filled with a new and singular emotion and pressing closer to her mother, kissed her faded cheek as she proceeded to speak.

'Anna, you will soon be a large girl and understand far better than your brother, what I am about to say to you. Will you promise to do what I shall now ask?'

Anna could not speak for tears, but she nodded her assent, and her mother went on.

'Promise me my child, that you will always — even when I am no longer with you, and my voice is silent forever,' — she stopped and her breathing became difficult through emotion — 'that you will think of this hour, and when you are sorrowful or ill used, to pray as I have taught you. And promise me too, that when your sorrow is too great, for you to utter the words of this petition, 'Thy will be done,' your heart will bow to its meaning, and you will teach your brother to submit to the will of the orphan's Father, as I have taught you.'

Anna clasped her mother's hand in both her own, in token of agreement; she was too sad to speak; and not altogether comprehending her mother's meaning, she wondered, what had so darkened the brightness of her usually happy spirit.

Ah it was the shadow of her first great sorrow brooding over her, the real presence of which she was soon to experience.

In the little garden belonging to the cottage stood a rosebush, that in the blooming month of June poured forth its lavish wealth of perfume and flowers, as generously as if growing in the soil of some ornamented parterre — for Nature is as kind to the poor as to the rich, and spends her treasures equally on all. The spring was come, and as the leaves began to clothe the bush with verdure, the widow became very sick. The earlier flowers came forth smilingly, every day growing brighter in hue, — the cheeks of the declining mother became paler every hour; — the leaves of the bush from the first light tint deepened into a darker green, but the hand that had pruned and trained was withering and fading; at length the buds were formed and gradually unfolded their rosy petals advancing to full expansion; the mother laid her weary head on the pillow, and when the roses in full bloom sent forth sweet treasures of perfume into her sick chamber, she noticed not their greeting, for the stern conqueror had placed his dread signet on her features; Death had frozen the warm current of her heart, and the disenthralled spirit was relieved from its bonds of earth. 'Thy will be done,' were the last words uttered with her dying breath, and then bestowing a look of unutterable

tenderness on the children she was leaving, the mysterious separation was accomplished.

This was the hour — it had now come — to which the widow alluded, when Anna would in her deep sorrow be unable to utter the words of this petition. But she did not forget her promise. She took her weeping brother by the hand and making him kneel with her beside their mother's corpse, she tried to bow her heart to the submission, practised by the Saviour and taught her by her mother.

The poor have little time to grieve.

Three days afterward the fire on the hearth was extinguished, the little stock of moveables sold, the house shut up, untill another should take it, and the widow released from all earthly cares was sleeping quietly in the village churchyard. Very little was left for the children to call their own; the rosebush however no one cared for, and after having planted it upon their mother's grave and gathered all the flowers in the garden to make garlands which they hung upon the rude wooden cross, which marked her resting place, they were ready to depart for other homes, for they were now to separate. Each had their little bundle; — a few pieces of clothing, tied up in a handkerchief, constituted their earthly wealth, and now on leaving the cottage which was to be no longer their home, they went together to the grave, in order to strew their last offering of

flowers upon it. Anna knelt down beside the little hillock, as she deposited her bright-hued gifts, — George pressed his well worn cap on his heart as if to stay its loud and painful throbbing, and following his sister's example, they prayed aloud, although the words were broken by sobs: 'Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.'

The words of the petition seemed to have a new meaning, the depth of which they now for the first time understood. They arose and with a tender embrace prepared to separate; they felt in some degree that the future must bring trials as yet unknown to them in the past, but they also knew, that He, on whom they had often called 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' had not forgotten them, but sent kind friends, raised up for them in their need.

There in that little cottage close by the churchyard, where the sexton lives, is to be Anna's home, and the village pastor, a poor man himself, was about to take George into his family.

'We have children enough, and a very small income to maintain them on,' said he to his wife, 'but for the very reason of having a family of our own, it is that we know how to feel for orphans. What do you think about giving poor George a home? He is a good and industrious boy, and God can increase our daily bread, which we will share with him, as he did on the day when the five thousand

were fed in the wilderness. Let us do so, and a blessing will rest on our children when we are gone.' His wife, good and pious as himself, was of the same opinion: so the matter was settled.

The orphans having thus solemnized a second painful separation beside their mother's grave by prayer, felt strengthened by its holy influence to meet firmly whatever was before them.

'Let us come every year on the anniversary of this day on which our mother was buried and pray together beside her grave,' said Anna, 'are you not willing George to do so?' George could not speak, but placing his hand in that of his sister, she clasped it kindly, and they separated.

II.

Years had passed over since the day alluded to in the last chapter. Anna proved a blessing in the house of the old sexton, and grew up blooming and tall like the rose-bush on her mother's grave, which she tended and cared for as a garden, planting it with flowers and watering it with tears. But grief is unnatural to youth; time brought its usual healing, and the bitter fountain was dried up in

the sunlight of joy, the wound closed, although a scar was left; the grateful remembrance of her beloved mother still remained. The neighborhood of the grave was no longer sorrowful, but rather comforting, for it often seemed as if the glorified spirit hovered around and soothed her with the kind offices of a ministering angel. She had heard her pastor speak of the guardianship of angels and she thought in her childish simplicity, that 'if those blessed Ones who stand around the throne of God in Heaven, glowing with love and admiration of his goodness and majesty, can take part in our sorrows and our joys, why should not the glorified spirits of our departed friends be permitted to come as ministering angels to comfort us when the waves of earthly sorrow are overwhelming. From the bright world of light where we believe they are dwelling, do they not look down and love us still? Are they not sent to watch over and preserve us from the evil, so constantly hovering around us?' Often whilst standing beside the grave or tending the flowers which grew upon it, it seemed as if she experienced there, that a deeper, sweeter peace rested upon her heart than elsewhere. — How she thought of that dear mother, as she read from the holy book and lifted her voice in prayer to Him who is the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless, that he would bless her orphans and make them lambs of his fold. She remembered, how she had taught

her of the love of God, tenderer than her own, — and showed her that as it was in love she had been taken from them, and bade them even in their first overwhelming grief to pray, 'may thy will be done;' feelings of tenderness and gratitude took the place of useless repining, and she resolved to fulfil all the duties of her present lot most faithfully.

George had kept his promise faithfully. The brother and sister saw each other often, but regularly as the anniversary of their mother's burial came round, they met at the grave to strew it with fresh flowers and pray together and speak of her love. And now the rose tree planted on the little grasscovered mound was about to bloom for the third time and the day of the orphan's solemn meeting was drawing near.

Just about the same season a handsome traveling carriage drove up before the door of the village inn; two ladies sat inside, one of whom carried a boy on her lap; a servant lifted him carefully out and carried him up the steps into the single public room; the handsomely dressed, haughty looking lady, following in silence. The poor little fellow seemed sick, for he laid his head languishingly upon the shoulder of his bearer, as if too weak to raise it.

Arthur was just six years old, but from his birth was like a half extinguished light, or sickly plant that would never be brought to bloom, although nursed with the most

tender care, and fostered with the warmth of a mother's love. He was the idol of his mother's heart, her only child; that lady with the pale and sorrowful face had placed all her hopes and happiness on this frail earthly flower; — she thought nothing of her other blessings, for often rich people are very poor, for poverty in the christian graces, the possession of which is the poor man's wealth, is the worst of all wants, and is hardest to bear. — She loved no one on earth but this child, and proud and haughty in her demeanour toward others, no body loved her but poor Arthur. With what unspeakable grief she gazed into the languid eyes of her son; how anxiously she listened to his short breathing and marked the growing transparency of his pale cheeks, shuddering as she clasped the wasting little hand to find it burning with fever. How many times in a day she would send for the physician and try to read his opinion in his cold immoveable features, from which nothing could be gathered. — All the drugs he ordered, all the healing plants whose virtues were extolled as specifics were tried in vain; nothing did him good, and to the only physician who can help such cases, even He who raised the dead youth and gave back to the widow of Nain a living son, she never thought of applying. — That proud lady knew him not; hitherto all her confidence had been placed in her wealth; by this powerful means all her wishes should be accom-

plished, but in this case the golden key which opens a thousand portals of joy, possessed no magic. — Helpless and half despairing, she sat by the bed of her sick child, arranging his downy pillow or smoothing the silken covering, but poor little Arthur turned restlessly from side to side and found no rest, whilst his mother wrung her hands in despair and suffered more in her rebellious agony than her sick boy.

‘Mother — dear Mother! — I am so sick! Must I die and leave you?’ he cried one day, raising his sad blue eyes to meet her own.

She heard these words with a pang that pierced her very soul with sorrow; and filled with an inexpressible dread she cried, ‘No, Arthur, my sweet boy, you will not die; you will live to be well, happy, blooming and rich! No—no, my child, you shall not die.’

The medical attendant was at once summoned; but his knowledge was exhausted and not knowing what further to advise, looked thoughtfully through the open window as if expecting to read a prescription in the green fields or clear blue sky. — It was early spring; the sun shone brightly beautiful over the dew gemmed fields; the trees and flowers exulted in the new life bestowed by this resurrection of nature; soft zephyrs played among the leaves, the grass glistened like diamonds in the golden sunlight, and butterflies, as if urged by delight and wonder, flew from flower to

to flower enjoying their beauty and inhaling their sweetness.

As the perplexed physician stood gazing, a sudden thought struck him; he would give up the cause of the sick boy to Nature, the benevolent mother of all, and with bright and cheerful face, like one who has made an unexpected discovery, he cried, 'Take Arthur to the country, the mild air and bright sunshine —'

'O yes dear Mother!' intercepted the sick boy, 'do take me into the bright sunshine; it will make me well again. It is so cold and dreary here. Come, let us go — now — just now.'

The despairing mother caught at once at the idea, and held it fast as an anchor of hope in the wild sea of her affliction. The place where it was thought best they should pass the summer, was the cheerful little village of B — which, as it was easily reached and in the vicinity of mineral baths, and having got ready as soon as possible, she set out in her comfortable carriage accompanied by her sick child and his nurse.

At first all went well: the change seemed to do poor Arthur good. He loved the sunshine, and had his little bed brought to the window, where he could see the happy children playing in the court below, some times building houses with little stones, or else running through the garden

crowning their heads with flowers; and having begged hard for the favor, he was at last taken down and placed on cushions on a grass covered bank where the sweetest odours were inhaled from the flowers that bloomed around. — The children came to him; at first timidly, but growing more confident, afterwards lovingly, for Arthur was a gentle boy, and sickness had not spoiled his naturally amiable temper. — It was touching to see the faded little hand playing with the bright fresh flowers, and how the pale features would light up with a smile, when his playfellows would adorn his fair locks with their many hued garlands. The slight flush that this new joy brought into his cheek, was hailed by his mother as a sure symptom of returning health, and her heart revelled in a perfect extasy of bliss.

The sky however soon became overcast with clouds; Arthur was taken back to his room, and the bright sunshine that had illumined his mother's heart for a little space, was again canopied with the gloom of despair. It was evident that life was diminishing daily, and it seemed, as if with her child her good angel was also about to depart; — every day her mind grew darker, and from hour to hour her rebellious murmurs against the will that cannot err, became louder and more deep.

Arthur now desired to be at home, and believed that, if there, his own physician could do him good: the indul-

gent mother, although dreading the journey for one so weak could not refuse to gratify his wish. His little bed was arranged in the carriage and having left the baths of B—, they traveled leisurely, until they reached the neighborhood of our little village, where fainting fits ensuing one after another, induced the mother to stop at the humble inn, as has been stated. — He was carried in, given the best room and all the attention the humble dwellers had to bestow, but on the same day the angel of Death stood by his couch and touching him gently with his cold hand, bore him along to the land of seraphs. Suffering had purified that young soul, and fitted it with wings to soar beyond the earth, and He who loved little children and said, 'suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven', had made him worthy through the merits of his blood, to become one of the angels and to dwell in a land where there is no sorrow. — But the mother! who can describe her sorrow? — the sorrow of one who acknowledges no submission to the will of God! Such, dear young reader, I dare not attempt to paint to you, and may Heaven forbid that such you should ever know. It never can be experienced by those who love God and acquiesce in all his mysterious purposes, believing that all his chastenings are in mercy, and discerning still a Father's hand in the severest blow. No — the mother's grief, the grief of despair, must not be painted. Fall down

then, dark veil, and shroud the corpse of little Arthur, beside which his mother is kneeling, but not in prayer.

The remains of this darling child were laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of the village, where on the same day and hour, three years before, the widow's orphans, Anna and George, had seen their mother hidden away from their sight in the grave.

And now two pictures are presented to us.

Lying beside a newly made grave with her face buried in the long grass is seen the rich lady, her heart filled with the bitterness of despair, uttering murmurs against Heaven who had removed her idol. At a short distance was a grasscovered hillock on which a rosebush, blooming in rich luxuriance, told that time had passed since the tenant of that tomb had found rest within it; two orphans stood beside it, hand in hand, in whom can be recognized Anna and George, who had come according to their engagement to strew flowers on the grave, on the anniversary of their mother's death.

Their eyes were full of tears, tears of love and thankfulness for the pure lessons she had taught them, — and tears of gratitude to God who in their desolation had watched over them with a father's love and care.

Still clasping each other by the hand, they sunk down on their knees beside the flowercovered grave and repeated a heartfelt prayer. What was that prayer, does the reader ask. 'Thy will be done — Thy will be done' — they repeated,

as their mother had taught them, and the words sounded almost like the notes of triumph.

Just then the figure of the lonely mother shrouded in mourning garments, rose up from the grave of her child, hastily as if impatient of interruption. — It was not however the impatience of angry feeling; but rather as if awaking from a painful dream, — or surprised to find herself in such a strange place. She pushed back her disheveled hair from her tearstained face, and looking around saw the children and heard their touching prayer. Beautiful words which the Saviour taught! They found their way to her long closed heart, and opened the fountains which worldly pride had congealed. She remembered, that when herself a child, she had been taught to utter this same prayer; but its full meaning had not been recognized until now, and uttering a loud cry, burst into a flood of tears. — The children were terrified, but used to active control, they did not attempt to fly, and Anna finding the lady half insensible, supported her sinking form in her arms, whilst George stood compassionately looking on.

A long fainting fit relieved her for a time of the consciousness of her misery; from which, when she awoke, she found her heart more peaceful. And folding her hands as if in mental supplication, she at last suffered them to lead her to Anna's home, the house of the old sexton.

George ran for the pastor, with whom he soon returned, and as the good man spoke the words of gospel consolation, her heart already touched by the submissive prayer of the orphans, being softened to receive his teaching, the tide of her stormy grief was lessened. The proud lady was humbled; she had prided herself on her wealth, but she felt, how poor, how sinful, how deserving of wrath she was, in the sight of God, against whom she had rebelled, and recognized that a change of heart was necessary to make her a true child of Him, to whom belongeth power and majesty, before she could pray in faith, 'Thy will be done.' In this frame, she had no desire of returning to her luxurious home, but remained for a time at the humble village, where her child was buried. Here she became possessed of the true riches, not consisting of silver and gold, but the knowledge, which comforts and sustains in the trials of earth, and secures an inheritance in the world to come.

She was soon enabled to view Arthur's grave with less emotion and one day she went thither accompanied by the children, to whom she had become attached. She knelt down beside it — the orphans following her example — and prayed, 'Thy will be done,' and as she did so, a sudden thought flashed over her heart, as if an angel's voice had whispered, 'Mother! behold thy children.' With an indescribable emotion, she opened her arms and received the orphans alike to her

embrace and heart, and determined to act the part of a true mother towards them, asking assistance from Heaven to perform the duty, which now appeared in a new and different light.

What she resolved to do beside that little grave, was strictly adhered to. George and Anna took a tender and grateful leave of the dear old churchyard, the village which had for so long been their home, and the kind friends who had acted the part of parents to them. A wise and judicious system of education, formed in strict accordance with Christian principles, perfected that which their mother had begun; they grew up to be useful and happy members of society. They loved their foster mother and were beloved by her; and shed many a cheerful ray upon her path, which but for them would have been so lonely. — She experienced the luxury of doing good, and the bread thus cast upon the waters, she gathered after many days, in the comfort and sunlight bestowed upon her by the constant and grateful affection of the orphans. — But always on the anniversary of the day that had first found them desolate and then united them, they went back to the village and the churchyard; and each time as they knelt beside the graves so dear to them, filled with greater confidence that all God's providences are sent in consummate wisdom, they were enabled to say from the very depths of their hearts, 'Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.'

'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Give us this day our daily bread.



'Give us this day our daily bread.'

In his little strawroofed cottage the old grayheaded Father Meinhold sat lonely and alone; we say alone, for his only companion was his dog Wolf, and although the faithful animal had never left his side, cheerfully sharing in all his privations, contented and happy if a caress was bestowed upon him; guarding his old master as well as he was able, and without wanting any better lot than his present one; although Wolf stuck close by Father Meinhold and the old man loved his dog, still he was lonely and alone, with the sad thoughts and cares which he had in abundance.

But although we see him now, old, sorrowful and poor, he had not always been so; a few years ago he was a stout, strong man, who did not know what loneliness was. — Although never rich, he possessed considerable wealth in two stout arms, a clear head, good health and a cheerful heart. Life was not less pleasant to him, because he had to work his way through the world with the help of these four trusty friends, but on the contrary his hardearned bread was sweetened by the labor that procured it. No one ever heard him utter the usual complaint, 'my life is a hard one,' on the other hand he recognized the kindness which had turned the original curse into a blessing, by making toil pleasant. — It was a real pleasure to see him at work, whether at home or in the field, looking so vigorous, doing every thing with such cheerful activity, laughing and singing all the time as if emulating the birds, and having a courteous greeting for all he met. — When the working hours were ended, and he came home in the evening and sat down in the midst of his family, to smoke his pipe and enjoy his domestic comfort, he felt his heart glow with love and gratitude to Heaven, that had granted such a measure of happiness to him. — His wife was of the same disposition, and his two sons, fine lively boys, bade fair to follow in the footsteps of their parents.

Systematic and orderly in all he did, he was not less

so in the regular discharge of all devotional duty; and when the curfew bell told the villagers, that the time for prayer was come, he called his family around him, read lessons of truthful teaching from the Holy Book, and prayed with and for them from the fulness of his heart.

The Saviour's form of prayer he greatly prized; how often had he petitioned, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' but at the same time he never thought of laying his hands idly in his lap in confidence of his request being miraculously granted, or waited as if expecting the heavens to open and rain down manna for him. He interpreted the words rather in this manner, 'Heavenly Father! give me health to labor and bless my efforts, for it is through them that Thou wilt give me daily bread.' Whatever his wife placed on the table before him, he ate contentedly; never desiring dainties; — Sometimes when the purse was empty and the meal chest nearly so, and they had nothing but potatoes or a little soup for dinner, he would comfort his wife and boys by saying that they still had more than daily bread; and sometimes when in a merry humour would repeat the following couplet.

What more do we want; with potatoes like these,
Potatoes white, mealy and good,
Only give me enough, I'm not hard to please
But thankful for having such food.

The sparepenny, as he called the little overplus of money saved from the daily outlay, was carefully kept, so that in case of sickness or necessity, when his strong arms might be disabled, they need neither want nor ask assistance from others. But although thus judiciously hoarded, were others in want, it was freely given for the supply of bread, for the daily boon of which he daily prayed.

If he saw an old man bowed on his staff, or an aged woman too feeble to labor, or any one poor, sick and without friends, he was never known to close his heart against their claims. 'Come here, sparepenny,' he would say, 'come but from your hiding place and minister to their need.'

In this manner the years flew swiftly by. The boys grew to be young men; strong healthy and bold they were ready and fitted to make their own way in the world. William, the eldest, was obliged to serve as a soldier; and the parting was a hard one, for the flag of war was waving and the drums called to battle. But the youth possessed the sanguine spirit natural to his years in large measure, and hope whispered of a speedy and happy return; and as he bowed his head to receive the paternal blessing, he believed himself proof against the enemy's bullets.

The piety of Meinhold did not exempt him from the usual trials of the earth. Life is a state of probation, and only he who is convinced that 'its light afflictions endure

but for a moment, in comparison with the concerns of eternity, can look confidently into that world which is separated from the present by the dark bridge called the grave.

All news of William after a time ceased, causing many dark clouds to rest on the father's brow and many bitter tears to flow from the mother's heart. Did he yet live? Was he well or did he lie in a prison in an enemy's land? Did he sigh crippled or disabled in some remote corner of the earth; or was he sleeping in the dark grave, which enclosed so many young and blooming as himself! And is it not always so, that what we love best on earth, is removed, and the parents longed with unspeakable longing after their firstborn. — But when the second son, Anselm, was taken away by a malignant fever, the sorely tried parents had to call into exercise all their Christian confidence to prevent despair from fastening upon them. — The bodily strength of the mother was not sufficient to sustain her in the struggle, and in less than a year, she rested beside Anselm in the narrow house appointed for all the living.

Sorrow had bleached the hair of Meinhold to a perfect white; his silver locks hung down from his temples, more appealingly to the sympathies of his neighbors, than did even his mourning garments. — The sickness of his loved ones had exhausted the little hoard in the saving box, and so he now sat there, poor, forsaken and lonely in the

strawroofed cabin with his dog. Poor Wolf was all that remained to him. But as in the days of his happiness and strength he had sincerely prayed for and received 'daily bread', and so thoroughly comprehended the full meaning of the petition, in the time of his need, that trust was not diminished. God, who feeds the raven and clothes the lily; who provided the Israelites in the desert with bread from heaven and supplied the wants of the lonely prophet by the brook Cherith; — was not his paternal care over all? It was; and over him too, for none are ever put to shame, who make Him their confidence and their strength.

II.

Not far from the cottage where Meinhold now lived alone was a little village, but of the better sort, its aspect was very cheerful, many of the houses being handsome and large, adorned with pleasant walks and gardens, along which the buildings ranged. One of these houses was peculiarly imposing, yet it was not a nobleman's palace, but the abode of an honest citizen who was well to do in the world. Every side and corner told of the comfortable circumstan-

ces of the owner; nothing was out of order or exhibited symptoms of careless management, no nail was out of place, no lock rusty; the panes in the windows are clear and whole and the rude hand of Time has not made any gaps in the wall. Mr. Erhard, the owner, has an eye over every thing, and Nature needs not here plant green branches in the split mason work to help the negligent hand of man; no, the tasteful owner is Nature's most faithful helper, and lends his aid to promote the beauty so lavishly scattered here by the all-creating hand.

Not only from the selfish feeling of seeing what was his own in such neat order, did Mr. Erhard exercise this constant supervision. He was a true philanthropist as well as a faithful steward of the goods committed to his care, and if any one had doubted the first part of our assertion, he would have been convinced of its truth, on witnessing a dear little nook, which he had prepared for the convenience of the poor, and was called, 'the poor man's bench' by every body. Just where the cold wall of the house ended and the garden hedge commenced, there was placed the stone bench which was to afford a free resting place to the weary; there the life giving sun poured out his beams so warm and clear; the wall gave out his shadow so protectingly, and the zephyrs playing in the branches, fanned the breeze into motion with their wings. Besides

this to add to its comfort as well as beauty, he had formed an arbour round it, of ivy and other climbing plants, flowers of all kinds sprung up near it, and rosebushes bordered it on every side. A great lover of flowers himself, he was not selfish in his enjoyment of them; for on a neatly carved shelf on the top of the wall, stood a number of pots filled with the most beautiful children of Flora, that as they looked down on the occupants of the stone bench, smiled a cheerful welcome.

One might suppose that this inviting seat was never empty, — such however was not the case. Mr. Erhard's intention was well understood; all knew that he loved the poor and unhappy to whom God had sent such trials, as his brethren; but he was stern and forbidding to the idle and worthless, who expected to find food and clothing without making any exertion to gain daily bread, and thus it was that the 'poor man's seat' was shunned by the undeserving. Still, it did not fail to have occupants, many a weary old man, many an aged and hungry worman, or sick traveler found rest there, as well as food and comfort from the liberal owner.

As Mr. Erhard said and thought, so he acted in strict accordance. In how many different ways does God fulfil his benevolent purpose of furnishing the supply necessary to meet man's daily want! He bestows strength and blessing to

Nature, that through her man may be nourished. He gives to the body soundness and activity, vigour to the spirit, and sets the heart in lively motion, fitting the whole for harmonious operation, in providing for the natural wants, 'By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread,' is the law of destiny, and it is no less a rule of consummate wisdom, that the rich shall be almoners of His bounty, who having declared that all men are brethren, has also commanded, that one shall minister to the other of such things as have been given to his stewardship. Therefore hath the apostle admonished, that not only with the words of man's mouth, shall he say to his suffering brother, 'be ye warmed or be ye fed,' but must bestow upon him a portion of his goods according to his ability.

In pursuance of such a conviction, Mr. Erhard had this pleasant seat made, that the poor and wayfaring might enjoy it. All in his house were filled with the same spirit, from his own children down to Rose the little orphan girl, who was at first taken as a servant, but was in truth almost as much Mrs. Erhard's nursling as those who called her mother.

III.

A beautiful July morning was smiling over the earth; the blooming lilacs waved their purple tassels in the soft breeze and the zephyrs bore the sweet perfume to every corner of the village. Tulips and auriculas were clothed in most gaudy colors, as if to atone for their want of odour. The large linden trees were thickly covered with blossoms, and the birds as they chanted their madrigals in varied notes, joined in the glorious concert of Nature.

It was a morning on which all was calculated to send joy to the spirit; a morning, when life is felt to be a blessing; when Creation, renewed and invigorated by the dews of night and the beams of the life giving sun, stirs the sluggish blood of age to quicker flow, and makes the heart of the weary world to beat with lively emotion.

Father Meinold was not insensible to its influence. He covered his silver locks with his brown cap, put on his Sunday garb, took his staff in his hand, and calling his trusty Wolf, betook himself, without having eaten any breakfast, to the way. He had no definite object in view, but set out with the intention to wander about the fields, rejoice in the hopes, the thriving crops promised to his neigh-

bors, and praise and bless the benevolent Creator, who so liberally provides sustenance for all.

He walked along slowly drinking in the sweet air, that invigorating him, brought back the feelings of his youth. His dog gamboled round him, sometimes running on before, then lingered behind to chase a bird or follow a butterfly seeming to catch the salutary contagion, which for the moment caused his master to forget his sorrow. — At length however the old man's strength began to decline; the aged limbs grew weary and demanded rest; the fasting stomach asserted its claim to be satisfied; he was near fainting. — He was not far from the town; and Mr. Erhard's stately house seemed, as it looked out in the distance, to invite his approach. He knew the 'poor man's bench' well, for he had often rested there, and his character well known to the family, he was welcomed and respected by every member. — He, who in the strength and glory of his manhood had labored so cheerfully and industriously, that he might share his bread with the poor and needy, was not ashamed to receive — although he never asked — a gift from those whom he considered only as the almoners of God, but suffered this trial — and it is a hard one — with a submissive and humble spirit.

He approached the house and sat down on the stone bench; calling his dog, he leaned his arms upon his knotted

stick and thus supported placed his weary head as on a pillow and prepared to rest after his fatiguing walk. His eyes were soon closed in slumber, from which he was awakened by light footsteps approaching from the house, they proved to be those of little Rose who was bringing him some warm breakfast. With looks which spoke a blessing he greeted the orphan who had thus come to minister to his wants, stretched out his hand to receive the dish, whilst his hungry dog seated himself on his hindlegs and looked in his face wistfully as if begging his portion.

Thus refreshing himself, Meinold spoke smilingly to his dog; 'Wait now, old fellow! Do you think, I would forget you? No indeed, you shall have your share, so lie down until I am ready.'

Wolf laid himself obediently down at his feet still however keeping his eyes fixed on his master and the dish, until Meinold being satisfied, he at length received his portion.

Rose taking up the empty dish, returned to the house, enriched by the blessing which the old man whispered as he settled himself once more to rest on the top of his staff. 'Heaven reward you' was uttered by his lips and remained in his heart even when he had sunk into half slumber, and now old man, are no sweet visions sweeping over thy soul? Do no long vanished forms start up in living likeness before thy spirit? Does no voice, whose accents were once music to

thy ear, sound now within its portals? Old man — desolate, feeble old man — awake! on the road are the hasty footsteps of those, who come to cheer thee in thy lonely helplessness!

Father Meinold had rested perhaps for half an hour, when he was awakened by the melody of a popular war song; he looked up and saw a traveler who was singing merrily as he trudged along the dusty road; his face was sunbrunt to the hue of a dark brown, but his eyes were bright and cheerful, and it was easy to see that some blessed hope was lending its illumining light to his heart as well giving fleetness to his footsteps. A dark moustache was curling on his upper lip, and vied in color and thickness with the raven hue of his hair. His coat was covered with dust as he had journeyed from a distance; but it had not been able to hide the various badges which showed it to be a robe of honor, from which and his military step and bearing it was easy to know he was a soldier.

As soon as the stranger came in sight of the house, his eye became brighter, — perhaps some sudden recollection struck him, — he stopped — then came nearer, turned into the court yard, slipped his knapsack from his shoulder, and walked up to the stone bench.

‘Will you have the goodness to make room for me beside you,’ said he addressing the old man, ‘I am somewhat

tired and do not wish to go to my dear old home with a weary step.'

At these words — at the sound of this voice, Father Meinold suddenly raised himself up; a ruddy glow kindled upon his withered cheeks; he ran his eyes eagerly over the person of the stranger, and with his limbs trembling like an aspen, he at last spread out his arms as if to embrace the stranger, at the same time crying out with a burst of paternal affection, 'William — my son William, is it yourself? My boy — my only child — all that I now have in the world.'

Yes — indeed it was William, the son who had for so many years been supposed dead, who was returned to cheer the last days of the lonely old man; and now with stormy joy had heard the greeting and recognized his father. He threw himself on his knees at his father's feet, sprang up, and wound his arms about him in ardent embrace — kissed his hand still crying out, 'Father — dear Father — do I see you once more, — o how often have I anticipated this joyful meeting'. He stopped short, for just then swept before him like a shadowy dream the words of the old man, 'My boy — my only child — all that I now have in the world'.

He loosed himself from the close embrace of the aged arms and in a subdued voice asked: 'Where is my mother?' 'Dead!' 'And Anselm my brother?' — 'Dead too!'

William could not speak, he covered his face with both his hands, sobbing aloud whilst large tears dropped through his fingers, attesting the deep emotion of his manly heart. At length he laid his head on the breast of his father and the two held solemn converse with each other, recalling lovingly the memory of the dead.

They were not however left long alone. Mr. Erhard with his wife and children had gathered round the father and son, and entered fully into all their feelings of surprize, joy and sorrow which had so rapidly alternated. Mr. Erhard at last interrupted them. 'Come into my house', said he, 'and celebrate this happy reunion with us. Let the dead rest your loved ones who are no doubt at this moment looking down smilingly on this happy meeting. Come Father Meinold, and you William, have you forgotten me?'

William aroused himself to look up, offered his hand with a half smile of recognition, and accepting the kind invitation both father and son followed the giver into the house. The old man was placed in a comfortable arm chair, William sat near him, holding his hand and gazing on his changed appearance with much emotion. — Mr. Erhard aroused him from this painful observation of his father's silver locks, by saying, 'Now William since you have heard all we can tell of the neighborhood, suppose you relate what you have seen in your ten years absence.'

William pressed his father's hand and after looking round on the little circle began as follows: 'My story is short and easily told; as you know, I followed my country's banner, the drums were calling to war and almost immediately my regiment was ordered into the enemy's land and engaged in battle. The fight was a bloody one; we bore ourselves bravely; I was close to my General and seeing a furious blow from a sabre aimed at him, which would have cleft his head in twain, I spurred my horse towards him, in order to ward it off. 'What is the life of a poor fellow like me, in comparison with his;' — thought I; — my commander was saved but the sabre did not miss me; for a moment I imagined I had lost my head, but the next minute I fell senseless from my horse. When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself a prisoner in the enemy's camp where I suffered for a long time from my wound, but more from my imprisonment, from which at last I found an opportunity of escaping; the details would be tedious now, — I will give them at another time.

How I then longed to return to my contry and my father's house, but in the miserable condition in wich I found myself, the pride of youth forbade my appearing. I had so often imaged what would be the joy of our meeting, but now busy fancy painted the fright and horror the family could not fail to exhibit on seeing me, and every fee-

ling of my nature rebelled against presenting myself in such pitiable circumstances before them. I curbed my ardent longing, and resolving to begin my fortune anew, as the flame of war was still furiously raging, I enlisted in another regiment under an assumed name, and thus it was that all enquiry concerning me proved fruitless.

Fortune favored me this time. In our successful expeditions a considerable portion of booty had fallen to my share and as soon as peace was proclaimed, I got my discharge and started for my home. — But before I came to settle down quietly in our peaceful village, I set out on a little tour on the Rhine and which did not take me at all out of my way.

In the course of my journeying, I reached a village which was overlooked by a lordly castle. I approached it, and in order to obtain a nearer view, I advanced to the outer court and stood looking curiously round, when the gate opened and a tall gentleman passed through it. — You may judge of my surprize, when I saw it was my old commander, who had retired from the service and was now living here on his estate. I did not know that he would recognize me, and you may suppose how deeply I was touched, as he hastened to meet me with outstretched arms, calling me his deliverer for whom he had been long and vainly seeking. I went with him to the castle and was introduced to his

family whom he bade consider me as a friend to whom they owed a large debt of gratitude.

They made me stay days and weeks with them, and indeed insisted that I should remain altogether, making the castle my permanent residence. But my longing after home was not at all diminished; and I told General — I must see my native village and live and die where my family dwelt. He did not offer any objection but pressing my hand in silence, at my departure placed within it a pocket book which contained a large sum. I was almost tempted to stay, but 'Father — Mother — Brother' — awaited my coming, and as the thought of them shot like an electric flash over my soul, I tore myself away, marched full of hope, lustily forward, and now — here I am'.

As he concluded, he jumped up from his chair, embraced his old father and shook hands with all the rest.

Mr. Erhard now ordered refreshments which being brought were partaken of by all with great zest; it was a feast of welcome to the returned son, so long believed dead.

'A joyful and a hearty welcome', was Mr. Erhard's greeting, and to which every one present responded.

'Yes welcome indeed', said the old man, 'but before we give way to our rejoicings for the return of my soldier boy, let us give thanks to Him who preserved him through

the dangers of the battle and has given him back to me, as the staff of my old age.'

The grayheaded father reverently removed his cap and looking up to Heaven, prayed thankfully and fervently for the unexpected good this day had brought forth, and in which he was devoutly joined by his sympathizing friends.

After spending an hour or two in this pleasant manner, the old man leaning on his son's arm departed for his home, no longer to be one of entire loneliness as heretofore, and in less than an hour, the young soldier found himself in the little cottage, where his happy childhood had been spent, and to which in absence his heart had so fondly turned.

The straw roof sheltered two happy beings that night; but not long did they dwell there for William was now able to buy a comfortable house to which he took his father, to whom — in one sense of the word — his last days were like those of Job, his best. All poverty was now at an end, and a new life begun.

The fourth petition of the comprehensive prayer taught by our blessed Lord, 'Give us this day our daily bread', which shortly before Meinolds lips had so tremblingly uttered, came forth from them now jubilant like a song of praise, as he looked up on his noble son who had been spared. Was he not the comfort of his life and prop of

his old age? and with his heart overflowing with grateful acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed him, would exclaim, 'O Lord, how great is thy name and thy goodness which endureth for ever and ever'.

looking up to heaven, and in the unexpected good day had brought forth, and in which he was joyfully joined by his sympathizing friends, after spending an hour or two in this pleasant manner, the old man, feeling his soul's arm departed for his home, no longer to be one of earth's dwellers as here- before, and indeed than an hour, the young soldier found himself in the Father's house, where his happy childhood had been spent, and to which in absence his heart had so fondly turned.

The stars reflected two happy beings that night, but not long did they dwell there for William was now able to buy a comfortable house to which he took his father, to whom in the sense of the word — his last days were like those of Job, his last. All poverty was now at an end, and a new life began. The fourth petition of the comprehensive prayer taught by our blessed Lord, Give us this day our daily bread, which shortly before this he had so triumphantly uttered, came forth from him now jubilate like a song of praise, as he looked up on his noble son who had been spared. Was he not the comfort of his life and prop of

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Mr. Freidorf was a happy man; God had blessed him with earthly goods, not indeed with overflowing wealth, but competence sufficient to provide comfortably for every want. — His little farm showed, everywhere, the traces of this blessing, and besides gave witness to the love of order and operation of industry, in the well cultivated fields and blooming meadows. He did not expect the sunshine and the rain to nourish the springing grain, and bring it to perfection; he knew that labor from the hand of man must aid those minister's of nature, and whilst he kept his servants employed, he overlooked all himself. — A very kind master, thinking less of his own convenience than that of

others, his people loved him and rendered him a willing subjection and a cheerful compliance with all his rules; they were a happy family, for peace made her home under his roof, and the worship of God found steady place there.

If Mr. Freidorf was such a kind and judicious ruler in the fields, gardens and barn, his wife was not less so in her more circumscribed dominion. Her housekeeping was perfect; no kitchen, pantry, milkhouse, bed chamber, box or chest was ever in better order, than hers, — it would have done any one good to have looked into them. — She very seldom changed her servants; if circumstances called them to leave this well ordered home, it was always a tearful departure: for in this family the claim of universal brotherhood was acknowledged, and proved a stronger bond of union than that of mutual labor, reward, or obligation.

Mr. Freidorf and his wife practised the old fashioned rules of Christianity; they cared for the spiritual welfare of their dependants no less than for their bodily. They encouraged each one to come to them in trouble, and aid and counsel was never withheld and so, consistent in practising all the rules commanded by the All Wise ruler, the bonds of brotherly love was drawn closer every evening when they met around the family altar, and joined in the petition uttered so devoutly by Mr. Freidorf:

‘Our Father who art in heaven!’

Every one felt that one universal Father ruled over and one close bond — the chain of humanity — enclosed, all. Mr. Freidorf could read the workings of these humble hearts, because he was a true philanthropist, and thus possessed of a clearer light he was able to fathom the depths which are often closed to the perceptions of the casual observer.

Thus instructed in a pure knowledge, he knew how to adapt his prayers to the wants of his humble auditors, and thus, according to the suffering of each, he dwelt more or less on the different petitions of the Lord's prayer, for most comprehensive, it embraces the wants of all men. 'The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O God and pray for thine aid in the day of trouble,' and in this household, the beautiful prayer taught by the Saviour to his disciples, was invested with all its deserved importance; and the true meaning of every petition fully understood. — And now, dear readers, you may imagine that if this pious couple were so careful and watchful over the concerns of their household, they would be yet more anxious about the charge of a greater treasure — the largest blessing of all — committed by heaven to their care; namely their two little children — a son and daughter; Frieda was two years older than Joseph, and from their earliest days the greatest difference in disposition was manifested.

As we have already stated, their father was a good

husbandman, who watching carefully the processes of Nature, aided her when he saw it was necessary. The same principle was observed in the training of his children. Never restraining the developing elements of character as they gradually unfolded, by undue severity, he yet watched their growth closely, knowing how those same propensities may alike be moulded to good or made to subserve purposes of evil. 'The natural impulses of character are not to be considered as vices,' he would say to his wife, 'for the best of them can be perverted by improper training. Every thing, and every soul comes from the hand of its Maker pure and good, and it is for us to form a character from the elements thus provided; — we must be careful that a disposition to economize does not degenerate into avarice; — cheerfulness into levity, — vivacity in boisterous rudeness, and a love of quiet into inanity and idleness, which last so often leads to sin.'

The two children therefore grew up under the eye of their watchful parents, gradually unfolding their peculiar propensities, until Frieda attained her ninth and Joseph his seventh year, by which time the greatest difference was discernible in their characters. We will now introduce them more closely to our readers, for our little story has much to treat of concerning them.

Frieda possessed uncommon talents, quick perception,

and exhibited a love of learning, which it must be confessed, was founded more on curiosity than because it was to prove useful. But although her intellect was clear, and her understanding rapidly matured, she was like a butterfly roaming from flower to flower drinking in a little sweetness from each one. She loved, in the spirit of childish vanity, to make a display of what she knew, and her reading was of the kind to favor such a show. Her disposition was cheerful and gentle, her manners winning; she loved merriment; was ready to laugh with and fondle on every one who would let her, and had always kind words for whoever she accosted. — With such a disposition she often spoke thoughtlessly and acted wrong, but when forced to admit that she had done so, with a great deal of selfcomplacence, of which she possessed a large share, she comforted herself by asking pardon and saying, she meant no harm, and because she had no spite at any body, thought nobody could be offended at her.

Joseph was a complete contrast to his sister. Steady, serious and quiet, he possessed a good understanding, but no genius; he had to study his lessons closely, and plod along slowly until he fully understood what he was trying to learn, and then — nothing could outroot it, — it was planted in his young brain like the firmly fixed roots of a tree in the earth. He would know the why and wherefore of

every thing; and never spoke on any subject which he had not studied over, and often brought forth as new matter, incidents which the others had forgotten.

Of such a quiet contemplative temper, he seldom gave offence to any one, and one might suppose he was negatively happy, but he could not bear opposition and did he receive an offence, his heart bled for a long time. He brooded over the imagined injury, and dwelt on the mortification he endured, until like the smallest seeds, scarce visible at first that shoot up rapidly into noxious weeds, it was spreading over the surface of his soul. Although possessing quite as benevolent a heart as Frieda, like her he could not at once approach strangers familiarly; he must be long acquainted before he would show any confidence. His affections and sympathies were shut up in his heart like a rich treasure in its casket, but to whomever he gave the key, the same became possessor of the whole wealth of his childish love. The love of truth was a distinguishing feature of his character, and a more conscientious boy than Joseph could not be found. When Frieda's warm imagination prompted her to exaggerate certain occurrences, painting them more bright than they were, our matter of fact boy would without intending to contradict, say 'now, Sister, how can you say it was *immense*, when it was only *large*.'

Different as was the brother and sister, they yet loved

each other tenderly; and Joseph considering Frieda as so much smarter than himself, regarded her as an oracle of wisdom. But the difference between them was soon to be exhibited in a sorrowful manner; let me explain how.

In the mild summer evenings, it was the custom of the family to assemble in the garden, where, seated on a bench as he rested from the labors of the day, the father smoke his pipe, listened to the conversation of his wife or watched on the gambols of his children.

At such times Frieda was unusually talkative; she poured out all the treasures of knowledge lately gathered from books or hearsay or observation with the volubility of a magpie, and which she knew how to make interesting. Joseph, on the other hand, grew more silent for he felt his inferiority and was ashamed to speak when his learned sister would be sure to surpass him. His pure heart was incapable of envy, but gradually a feeling of melancholy began to shroud his young soul, as he saw his father so attentive a listener, and found that himself could not find any thing to talk about. But that judicious father did not bestow quite so much admiration on Frieda's volubility, as did her modest brother. He laughed indeed at her lively descriptions, but at the same time shook his head reprovingly: 'Daughter — daughter!' said he, 'you are a real little magpie, — a perfect 'know too much', who imagines a great deal and

understands nothing, I see I must buy you a book from which you can study the subject you have been talking about, thoroughly.'

Mr. Freidorf went to the city a few days after, where he purchased a large book on natural History for Frieda, who was greatly delighted with it, and was for devouring the whole contents at once, but her father, marking off a certain number of pages, bade her study them and recite the lesson to him in the evening when they met in the garden. This was done, and the mortification of poor Joseph, as well as his attonishment at his sister's smartness increased from day to day.

He resolved most earnestly to study, and gave himself to the task, hoping to please his father and gain the approval of one he so dearly loved. Frieda's book appeared to him as a real treasure; no goldsmith ever cast more admiring and longing glances over his glittering gems, as did poor Joseph towards his sister's book.

The little boy was the owner of a beautiful picture book which he had received as a Christmas gift; all the various modes of dress in different nations were described and painted in such bright colors, that one could never be tired looking at them. — Frieda liked the book quite as well as did her brother, and she wished much that Joseph would lend it to her, to show it to a young friend in town

whom she was going to visit. She begged him to do so, — but no — in this he showed himself very unaccommodating; he never liked parting with his things, and this one was most of all treasured and he locked it up, as a miser would his gold.

‘Yes indeed,’ said Frieda tauntingly, ‘you are afraid we should rob you of some of your wisdom, if we saw your book.’

Joseph could not bear the taunt, and a deep blush overspread his face as he answered; ‘You cannot rob me of anything, but I know you can spoil my book with dogs ears and ink spots and every thing else and you might lose it by the way. The book belongs to me, and you may look at it as much as you please with me.’

Frieda hardly expected such a repulse, but such a cunning little animal as she was, by no means dreamed giving up the pursuit.

One evening after Frieda had been conversing with her father about the animals, stones, plants and what she had learned from her book of Natural History, Joseph stood near, attentive and listening. His eyes filled with tears as he thought, ‘If I only had such a book, I would try my best to read it, and I would study and study it out and out, until I know all that was in it, and then I would tell it over to Father like Frieda.’

It was now quite dark and being so Joseph's tears were not noticed, and they all went into the house together. Joseph went up to his sister and said Frieda, 'lend me your large Natural History that you learn all these pretty things from!'

'What do you want with my book, you can hardly read at all, and besides you will not understand it.'

'I will learn to read it, and will try too to understand it,' replied Joseph with flashing eyes, for he felt his boyish pride aroused.

Just then Frieda's glance fell upon the picture book, and very spitefully she answered, 'You might spoil or lose my book. No, it belongs to me and I will keep it.'

Joseph remembered his own words and blushing with shame remained silent.

Frieda read the emotion of his heart and determined to profit by it. 'Let us make an exchange,' said she, 'give me your picture book, and I will let you have my Natural History. But it is an exchange for good and all; no other bargain will I make. And besides, you are not to lock up this book as you do your others; you must let me read it when you are not using it.'

Joseph was silent and irresolute. All those nicely dressed people, painted on its pages in such bright colors, came glowingly before his mental eye; a painful struggle took place in his heart, but the hope of his father's approbation

was more alluring than even those bright pictures. He sighed, but going to his box, took from it his treasured book, and without looking at it, handed it to his sister. The vivacious Frieda, although she saw his emotion, danced joyfully to her little book cabinet, took from it the plain unattractive volume of Natural History, adorned only with rude wood cuts. The exchange was made, and in the very same hour Joseph sat down to spell over the hard words found in its pages, but at the same time considerably elevated in his own opinion. The very possession of such a scientific book was, he thought, considerable advancement, and day after day found him immersed in its study. Sometimes, instead of the black lines, the bright colours of his picture book would come before him; this was mostly the case when he could not comprehend the meaning of the hard words, but then he would rub his brow and drive all such thoughts away. One day when his father observed him so buried in his studies, he came up and laying his hand upon his head praised and encouraged him; and on hearing him recite what he had learned was really surprized; from this moment Joseph was fully satisfied with his bargain and seldom thought of his once loved picture book. — He might have been the possessor of the book for perhaps six weeks, when the children were informed that they were to separate. Their parents had for a long time contemplated sending Frieda

to a boarding school, and now the time was come for the plan to be completed.

The prospect was a gloomy one for Joseph. All their trifling disagreements were forgotten, and only now when he was to lose his playfellow, did he know how much he loved her. Nothing pleased him now; not even his favorite book which lay neglected in his box. He would stand half the day beside the large trunk in which Frieda's clothes were being packed, and many a tear rolled down his cheeks and dropped on its black lid. But he was ashamed of this exhibition of sorrow, and left the room in order to find something which would help him to get rid of his melancholy mood. Nothing however presented itself, he went to his box after the book, from which he must now draw the most of his comfort. He sought and sought; — tumbled every thing about; — no book was there. He ran from one to another; — no one had seen his book or put it away; — at last he came to his sister who was arranging something in the trunk; she heard his question; and in very visible alarm, bent over her employment as though fearful of losing a moment, — her face kindled with a blush of the deepest red, which Joseph noticed at the instant that he saw one half of his book, the other being hidden by the articles of clothing which the trunk contained. With every feeling not only of affection, but his love of uprightness

outraged by this treacherous proceeding, he cried out in the first ebullition of his anger, 'Frieda, you are a thief and have stolen my book; — give it back to me.'

Although Frieda recognized the wrong she had done her brother and was really ashamed, she would yet not yield to the sense of justice that spoke loudly to her conscience. She hesitated to give up the book, insisting it would be wanted at school, and spoke contemptuously of the childish picture book, which, by the way, she had packed in the bottom of the trunk, and continued her work.

Joseph walked silently away; he uttered no complaint to his father or mother, but from this moment he was entirely altered in his behavior to his sister. He did not speak to or play with her as usual, avoided meeting her; the prospect of her departure now gave him no pain, for he no longer loved or respected her. His only thought was, 'She has deceived me; she knows that I would soon be alone, and yet she took the book, from which I have found so much pleasure'; and as it kept passing constantly over his soul, the more was its angry tide roused and embittered. He was morose and sullen to all; and no smile played upon his rosy lips, no joy lighted up the deepblue eyes that lately spoke only of kindness.

The parents wondered at the change and having enquired into its cause, learned the truth from Frieda, who

had experienced the deepest repentance; and hoping to soothe the wounded feelings of her brother, had taken the book from the trunk and laid it on his table. The boy however had felt himself outraged, and he was not to be coaxed back into confidence so easily. He took no notice of the book but let it lie in the dust from day to day; animosity had taken complete possession of that young breast and stifled every tender emotion. The parents looked sorrowfully over their children; as the day of separation came near, and the mother tried her utmost to heal the breach. — 'In two days,' she said, 'you will be separated;' but it did not avail, — Joseph turned away without speaking a single word. — His father remained silent; he built his hopes upon the upright and tender heart of his son, and resolved to speak first to his soul in the holy words of the Saviour's appointment, before he uttered the words of paternal remonstrance.

The night had come on and the household were assembled for the evening prayer. The parents stood with folded hands in the midst of the family; — the children at their side. It was the custom of Mr. Freidorf at the conclusion of the exercises, to repeat the Lords prayer in which all present joined. On this evening, when he came to the fifth petition he paused for a moment, and then slowly and with unusual fervor he prayed, 'Forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Did Joseph repeat with the rest? Yes, but with a low tremulous voice and O — with what a trembling, painfully beating heart, did he join in that prayer; he heard a sigh from his father mingle itself audibly with the words, and as he concluded this blessed prayer, he uttered 'Amen' so impressively, that all present were moved to tears for they were aware of the cause why he was more than usually solemn.

But of the whole party none felt so keenly as Frieda and Joseph; the boy was shaken in his inmost soul by the voice of his father's prayer; and the sister? — most gladly would they both have thrown themselves on the bosom of that kind father, but pride held them back. — Joseph's spirit could not bow itself so far as to exhibit a wish for reconciliation, and disdained to appear as a suppliant, for he insisted he had done no wrong. In this unhappy mood he went to bed, but found no rest there; he turned his pillow again and again; he tried to go to sleep in every possible way, but it was long before the drowsy god came, and when he did, brought no refreshing, for he was tortured with horrible dreams. The poor boy awoke at an earlier hour than usual, but the morning did not find him any happier. He dreaded and tried to shun a meeting with his sister and parents, but it could not be avoided, and Frieda when he entered the room turned her head away, which

movement by no means operated kindly on his chafed spirit. The consciences of both were troubled, for dear reader, it is as sinful to be angry with an offender as to offend, and so the day passed sorrowfully and slowly to both.

The evening before Frieda's departure had arrived, and this, the last she was for many months to spend at home, was one of the mildest and loveliest of summer evenings. Soft breezes swayed the leaves and flowers as if rocking them to sleep; the falling dew rested on the grass like tears shed for Frieda's departure, and little companies of summer insects were summing around, as if they had come to take leave in a body. The day's work was over, the very watering pot had finished its appointed task and was standing idly among the plants and flowers it had sprinkled so refreshingly, and Mr. Freidorf was in his usual seat on the bench. It was a sweet place. Luxuriant vines clothed the gray walls; the yellow cherry hyssop, the never fading Amaranthus, and the clinging ivy mingling their long reaches of foliage together ornamented the spot; flowers of all kinds perfumed the air, and from there where the stone balustrading formed a kind of bulwark, lay a wide landscape looking as peaceful as if sin had never disturbed the beautiful world God's of creation. The brightly bronzed cross on the top of the village church glittered in the fading sunlight, and light clouds floated slowly in the calm sky. The songs of

the herdsmen returning homeward were heard in the distance, and harmonized well with the quiet beauty of the scene.

How often had Mr. Freidorf enjoyed this hour in this place; here he had welcomed its coming, and surrounded by his family had tasted of purest happiness. But on this evening he was not happy; Frieda was to go in the morning; he would feel the want of her cheerfull society and miss her merry voice, and what he felt more, saw, — that in spite of the separation now so near, the brother and sister showed no spirit of reconciliation; it pained him that the earnestness of his prayer, which touched all the rest to tears, had failed to affect his son's heart; ah — he did not know, how they both repented, how much their souls pined for the interchange of their early affection.

The good man could bear it no longer. He first called Frieda to him and then Joseph who was playing at a little distance. Both came and taking a hand of their father, they stood beside him with downcast eyes.

'To morrow morning, my dear children, you will part from each other,' said he. 'Have you thought about it? You Frieda, instead of having your kind little brother for your playfellow, will have strangers for your companions, who will not love or care for you until you win their good opinion; — and you, Joseph, will soon be all alone,

and in the places where you romped and played together, you will miss her companionship most painfully. Until lately the most perfect harmony subsisted between you, every joy, sorrow, wish and plan was shared together, and how it rejoiced my heart to witness your affection for each other, and now can you doubt, how much I am pained to see your hearts closed so completely one against the other? — Whatever troubles you, now Frieda, you must shut it up in your own heart, and you will soon find my daughter, that strangers will not sympathize with you as Joseph did, and you will, when away from us, learn the value of having a brother. — Strangers bestow their love here and there for a time, and then take it back, but brothers and sisters carry it from their birth in their hearts; — they must love each other for God and Nature have impressed those holy laws in their souls, and if they infringe the sacred rule laid down by Him the All Wise, they may expect to bear the weight of his displeasure in some severe visitation.

And now my children, I see you about to part in an unforgiving spirit. How do you know that you will ever meet again? Will you really, my dear Joseph, let your sister go, unreconciled, when God has commanded that 'ye be not angry but give place to wrath'? And did you not my boy pray with the rest last night 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?' and you too

Frieda, have you no apology to make — no tear of repentance wherewith to soften the heart of your offended brother?

The father stopped overcome by his deep emotion, nor were the children less affected. Joseph's head rested on his father's hand, tears burst from his eyes, and opened the long closed portal of his heart; he placed his hand in that of his sister as she extended it to him and who now kneeling before her father, could no longer control her emotion. Pride gave way in the struggle; she sprang towards her brother and throwing her arms around him kissed his rosy lips and confessed her error. 'Forgive me dear Joseph — O forgive me,' she cried as her tears mingled with his own.

Mr. Freidorf looked upon his reconciled children, with such feelings as a Christian parent must experience in such a case; he called them to him and they came to his knee, both embracing him at once, and just then their mother joined them, they all united in heartfelt rejoicing, that discord was banished and peace restored. And now what a happy evening they passed together, — each one happier than the other; Joseph in the cheerfulness he exhibited, seemed like a stream that long fettered by ice, danced and sparkled in its free flow in the warm rays of summer sunlight; — Frieda's like that of one recovered from long and severe sickness, and the parents instead of mourning over

a departure, considered the evening as worthy to be held as a festival of rejoicing, for the reconciliation of their children had brought happiness and peace to the whole household.

'Lead us not into Temptation.'

Lead us not into Temptation.



'Lead us not into Temptation.'

I.

It is a very hard time for poor people. The harvest has failed, bread and potatoes scarce; every thing is very dear, and children's appetites not at all diminished. No indeed: nor satisfied either; — let the allowance be ever so short, children will grow and must eat, and do eat, consuming the provision purchased by the last hardearned penny of the overworked parents. The labor of the day scarcely furnished the supply of daily bread, and as all classes felt the pressure occasioned by the scarcity and high prices, the poor and laboring did not receive the usual amount of employment; and although willing to work and for low prices,

the members of this suffering class were obliged to wander about idle, for no one hired them when money was so hard to be got. — These are times of sore trial to the virtuous poor, and ‘Lord! Lead us not into temptation,’ is the petition of many a trembling lip, when poverty rules the household.

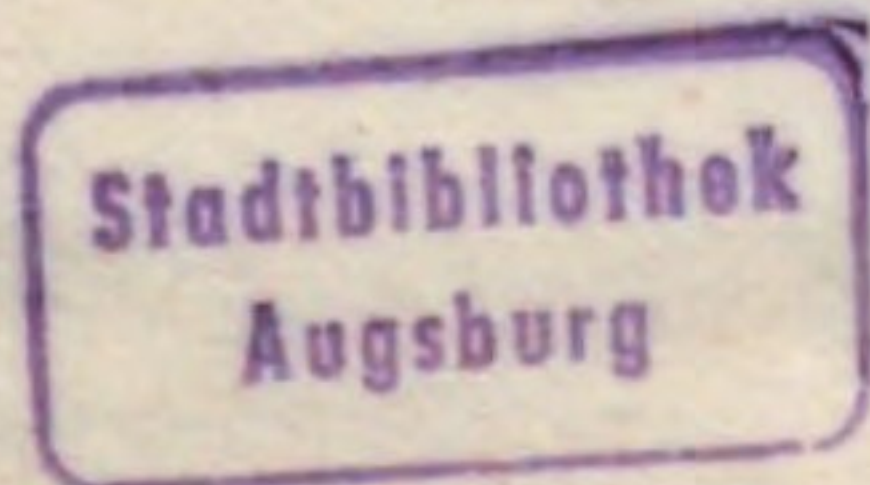
Parhaps in none was felt the presence of the iron sceptre of this stern ruler more than in that of a pious laborer whose name was Werner. Living with his wife and two children in a very small cottage, his daily labor had enabled him, in ordinary times, to provide for his family; at one time he might have sung songs in praise of humble happiness, but now his heart was too sad for him to sing any thing. — One thing however he possessed, — the greatest blessing man can have in seasons of distress; — namely confidence in God. Werner’s trust was like a firmly rooted rock which could not be shaken; he rested upon its strength morning, noon and night and — even when the meal barrel was empty and there was but ‘little oil in the cruse.’

Has not the Saviour said, ‘Why take ye thought for the morrow, saying what shall we eat or drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet, Salomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.’

Werner was an industrious man and would have been

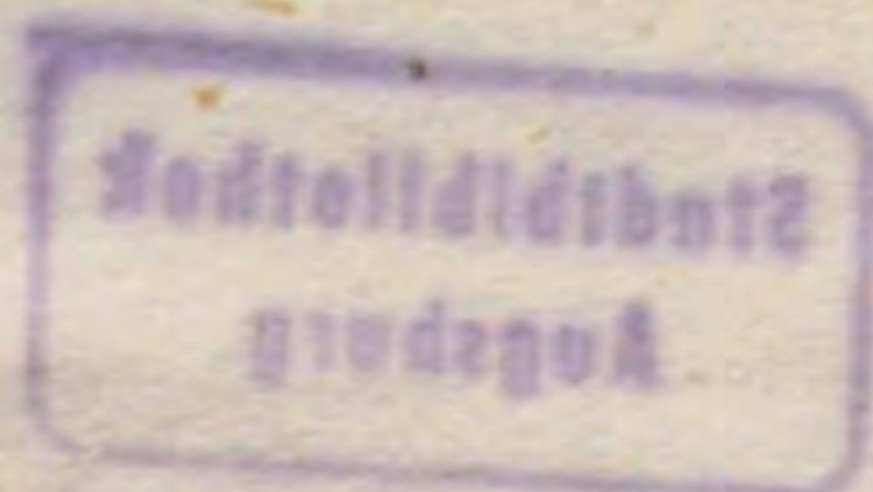
glad to have worked; but as he was too often obliged to pass days without being able to find employment or earn a penny, he did not lose confidence in the heavenly assurance, that there is a Providence who numbers the hairs of the head, even of the most lowly and listens to the call of the sparrow, — but on the contrary his trust was increased with his trials. His wife, Barbara, spun more diligently and many knots of yarn hung on the wall, not only regarded as the fruits of her industry, but treasured as the 'spare penny' fund, which was not to be touched until compelled by necessity. She too was trusting, and when she looked over her little garden and saw the lilies standing so erect in their beautiful garb of nature's providing, she gathered the consolation they seemed so impressively to teach.

Somehow, although the times were so hard, they as yet managed to get along without being in debt or actually suffering; and if in the late autumn, James and Annie had no shoes or warm clothing, the grass was yet soft and the air mild as it waved over the stubble fields: only a few timid messengers of the year's decay appeared among the leaves of the broadarmed lindens, and until they all withered and fell off, there was nothing really to dread. 'Does not the earth and all its fulness belong to God?' was the language of their pious heart, 'has he not promised that those who seek him truly, shall not want any good thing,'



and so they hoped that from out of the treasures of His providence, their winter wants would be supplied. — The young never see any dark clouds in the future; to them the horizon of life is always bright and glowing, and so James and Annie were never gloomy nor despondent, although they were barefooted and without any present prospect of being shod.

The more as necessity gained the upperhand in the little household, the more earnestly the good Werner encouraged his family to trust in God, and abide by all the rules laid down in Holy Writ. 'Warm clothes,' he said, 'protect our bodies from the winter's frost, but against the trials brought by poverty, nothing can guard but good principles founded on trust in God. Remember and practise them my children — my good wife — treasure up the law of God in your hearts, for it is of more value than silver or gold.' He sought earnestly to impress his children how to respect the feelings and the rights of others even in the smallest matters; and to regard the property of a neighbor as sacred to its possessor. He would not allow them to pull a flower in any one's garden without permission from the owner, nor gather an apple from a neighbor's tree; — nay, the very playthings which James brought from school, he would make him return to the giver, 'for,' he would say, 'the children who gave you these things,



have nothing of their own and are therefore wrong to give them, and this being the case, my son, neither have you any right to take those toys, without knowing if they had permission to give them away.' — Thus judiciously trained, the Werner children grew up in daily improvement, and became an example for all the village juvenils, and this poor family in their thatched cottage was regarded with more respect by their neighbors than that of many a rich man in his lordly home. True respect from fellowmen cannot be purchased by money, or outward show, nor does it fall to any one as an inheritance; it must be acquired by steady and conscientious adherence to true principles, and when once gained, even an enemy, although much against his will, is obliged to accord it.

The lilies in the garden had long been faded, and the asters, these flowers of the dead, were blooming in bright and varied coloring, as if anxious to atone for the absence of the others. The trees were nearly bare, the earth was strown with the manyhued spoils of autumn, the red and yellow leaves had fallen from their branches, and the late soft green carpet of grass was hidden by them or faded by the frost. The stork had left his nest and sought a warmer home, and the cold autumn winds were whistling through the forsaken branches. The garden was a wilderness, and those who wanted flowers must seek them in the

conservatories of the rich. James' feet were still bare, and Annie was wearing the last tatters of her Sunday shoes; Barbara spun on as diligently as ever, counting from day to day the skins as they increased in number; Annie helped all she could and accomplished most of the household work, in order to let her mother remain at her wheel.

Werner sought occupation everywhere, working at a low price rather than not work at all; when no jobs were to be had, he would take James and go to the forest, in order to collect the dead branches and carry them home for firewood. — They had now no comfortable evening meal; instead of supper the children were obliged to take a small slice of bread and go to bed in order to forget their hunger; but in the morning their breakfast was quite as scanty. — The potatoes were counted as they were put into the pot, and every week the number was diminished as the stock grew less. They had to give up one thing after another, but they had one source of comfort to which they still clung, and it did not fail. They still maintained their confidence in God, and Werner prayed each day, as was his wont: "The eyes of all creatures wait upon Thee, O God, and thou givest them their food in due season. Thou openest the hand and blessest all who live, with thy blessing." "The Lord looked down from Heaven, he saw all the children of men; The eyes of the Lord rest upon all those that fear

him and wait for his mercy; He will save their souls from death, and satisfy their hunger with bread.'

Many children had been sent out by their parents to beg, but Werner would not allow his family to ask for, or to eat the bread of charity; not from pride; but lest they should lose their love of industry and selfreliance.

But at length when their necessities had arisen to the highest degree, Barbara found that she must part with her yarn for bread and one day when they were all hungry, she planned and executed how the staff of life should be obtained. Laying the yarn in a basket and dressing her children in their best clothes, — for she would not allow them to look like beggars, she sent them to the neighboring town to sell it.

'Go to Mr. Wohlmuth, the rich manufacturer in — street. You know his wife is a very kind lady and has often bought our yarn before, and I think if you ask her properly, she will take this — and pay you a just price. James, you may go with your sister; I would not have her go alone?'

The children set out, reached the town in good time and easily found their way to the rich man's house; a servant was standing idly under the gate, but in answer to their enquiry for Mrs. Wohlmuth, he showed them up the steps.

James at his first entrance was almost petrified, so astonished was he at the fine things he saw; he held his

sister back that he might feast his eyes a little longer. Nothing however pleased his fancy so much as a large raven that was sitting on the top of the cage and with his head laid on one side, looked as if he wanted to be thought very wise.

As they went through a long passage, into which two glass doors opened, James begged his sister to stop and admire the pictures which covered the walls, but Annie would finish her errand and she kept steadily on, untill she came to the door of Mrs. Wohlmuth's room where she had often been before. The door was half open, but the little girl knocked, and imagining that she heard 'come in', she entered quietly and was followed by her brother.

If James was astonished before, his admiration exceeded all bounds now; he seemed to be in another world, one where there was no poverty nor want of bread. — The walls were hung with red silk; the chairs were covered with damask and seemed to invite to repose; the carpet of velvet resembled a flower garden, and both children hesitated to place their feet upon it and from the white marble fireplace, where however they saw no fire, a gentle warmth proceeded; from which James conjectured its use. A richly cushioned arm chair spreading out its arms invitingly, stood beside the table over which was spread an embroidered cover, reaching to the floor, and on this lay not only books,

rings, and a jewel box, but also a pile of gold pieces. — Sweeter and lovelier flowers than they had ever seen growing in gardens even in the summer time stood round in gilded vases and filled the room with their fragrance. Poor James — ; he could not control his admiration, but uttering a cry of delight, sprung forward to the table. — Annie now for the first time recognized that they were alone in the chamber and the danger of being so. She was frightened, and tried to hold her brother back; but he pulled away from her as he cried, 'Let me go Annie, — I only want to look at the pretty things on the table. Only see what a heap of money is there; — how it would help our parents, if they had it; and all the rest of those nice rings and boxes; oh! if only one of them was ours.'

'O James, dear, do not go any nearer; — do not touch any thing on the table. Come, let us leave the room; turn away your eyes and think of how Father has taught us to pray 'Lead us not into temptation,' was the entreaty of poor Annie, as in the struggling agony of her own heart she folded her brother in her shielding embrace, and dragged forcibly away. Trembling with emotions of indescribable force, she laid her hand on her brother's beating heart as if to repress its stormy tide, and repeated again and again. 'O Heavenly Father, lead us not into temptation.'

Just then the door on the opposite side of the room

opened and Mrs. Wohlmuth appeared. She was a beautiful and gentle lady who knew how to pity the poor, and having often seen Annie before, called her back in a kindly tone. Timorous and abashed the startled children lingered by the door, until Annie at last recovered sufficient selfpossession to open her basket and state her errand. — Whilst speaking, she looked so entreatingly into the face of her gentle auditor, that the appeal was irresistible, and taking the yarn from the basket, paid the grateful child a higher price than was asked, from the pile of money on the table; and more indeed than was the value. She then kindly dismissed the children, who wended their way merrily through the unleaved forest; and in their cheerful communings about the beautiful rooms, the sweet lady — the pile of money and that the wind was cold. — They were kindly welcomed by their mother, who looked upon the money they brought as a gift from Heaven, and removed her present care. — It was a bright day for them all, and whilst exulting in its sunshine, did not dream that dark clouds were gathering; but alas — so it was, even like the summer morning, which breaks forth in glory, at noon is overshadowed with gloom, ends at night in storm and tempest.

but in vain — the treasure was vanished. Suspicion was awakened; — the servants were examined and Mr. Wohl-

II.

We must now leave the children for a little while and go back to the handsome house in town. While James and Annie were trudging along so gaily, happy in spite of their poverty, the gentle Mrs. Wohlmuth sat buried in the soft cushions of her arm chair, lost in seemingly painful thoughts.

At length she remembered that she had to dress for a party, and rousing herself began the work of the toilet. She rang for her maid to assist her, and having arranged her ornaments, surveyed her person in the glass to see that all was in order. Nothing was wanting but her watch; and she took it from its case, intending to fasten it to a gold chain of peculiar workmanship and value, which she had laid on the table but an hour ago. — It was not now to be found; she sought through the room, tumbled every thing on the table in the search, — rung for her maid to ask if she had seen her chain. That chain, which her mother had given her but a little while before she died; ah! it was to her of inestimable worth on that account, — but now, although both searched until they were tired, no chain was found. Every case, box and drawer was rummaged,

but in vain, — the treasure was vanished. Suspicion was awakened; — the servants were examined and Mr. Wohlmuth himself made the investigation; — but to no purpose. At length the scales fell from the eyes of the lady herself, — the two children — their flight — their blushing embarrassment, and trembling terror; — oh, it was clear, they had stolen the chain.

Still she did not speak, she could not bear to load those young creatures with suspicion. But the recollection of the occasion on which her beloved mother had presented her with that chain; the kiss she had given when she threw it around her neck, — brought the tears to her eyes; and when her waiting woman suddenly declared that ‘after all she believed those poor village children had stolen the chain,’ she very reluctantly expressed her suspicion to be the same.

Her husband was a very benevolent but rather hasty tempered man, who had often found fault with her gentle treatment of ‘beggar folks.’ He was now fire and flame and declared he would have the matter sifted to the bottom. ‘We have it now,’ he cried. ‘Without doubt they have stolen the chain. These creatures make a poor mouth and steal. I will however now make an example which will teach them how to come to my house in future.’ I will go to the justice and have the thing looked into.’ He took up his hat

and stick as he spoke, and no entreaty of his wife had power to change his purpose.

As the evening approached, the clear sky of the laborers family was beginning to be overcast with threatening clouds. — Did they know it?

Did shadows of coming evil mingle in the dreams of those innocent children? O no! their consciences were as pure as newly fallen snow, and the guardian angel, which had carried poor Annie's petition to the throne of God, was now guarding them with his wing and whispering peace. — The morning brightening in the east proclaimed the birth of a new day; but for the happy children, who rose from their hard pallets to greet it, was the newly arisen sun to shine upon their joy or sorrow?

Ah shortsighted human beings, who know not what an hour will bring forth! — From the wildest joy springs deepest sorrow, and the keenest afflictions produce the flowers of sweetest rapture. But when man yields up his whole heart to the care of Him who doeth all things well, all shall work together for good, and he will find himself able to gather even blessings from affliction. — God indeed does not always grant our prayers as we ask, but he orders our lot always for the best and brings light out of darkness.

'All's for the best! be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of his creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily, all for the best.
 All for the best; — unbiass'd, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to West;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that All's for the best!

The morning rose bright and beautiful; the sun looked round smilingly on Creation, and sent his illumining rays into Werner's cottage; all was cheerful there in spite of the stern poverty which ruled the household; Annie was a sunbeam, whose light was never clouded; she sung like a bird whilst pursuing her daily household avocations, and now full of life and health, and happy that she had sped so well in her errand the day before, she worked with redoubled zeal, so that her mother might remain at her wheel.

At last all was in order, — Werner having found some work, had gone to it, the mother was spinning with a spirit of renewed hope, and the children were getting ready to go to the forest to gather wood. They had already reached the door, when Annie turning back called out to her mother; 'O Mother just look what a number of towns people are coming, I wonder where they are going or what they want?'

All three now looked out of the window; but how greatly was their astonishment increased, as the party turned towards the cottage, the door of which they entered. — Barbara advanced to meet them, and the children followed in the most unembarrassed manner. — One who seemed to be the leader of the party, had by this time come into the room, and as he saw the unsuspecting family come forward, boldly in their innocence, he scarce knew how to begin an explanation of the business which had brought him. — Every thing around told of virtuous poverty, and as the officer surveyed the amazed but unembarrassed countenances of those standing before him, he read complaint in their expression but no guilt. 'Why have you intruded on our humble quiet or brought disturbance to the peace which reigns here?' seemed to be spoken; — but — the stern mandate of the law must be obeyed, and he must do his duty, however painful the task was. Turning to Barbara, he said, 'You sent your children yesterday to town to sell some yarn?'

'Yes, your honor,' answered the mother. 'The wife of the rich manufacturer Wohlmuth took it and gave the children three dollars for it.' 'Did they bring nothing else with them? Tell the truth, woman!' said the officer. 'No Sir, they gave me the money unchanged,' replied Barbara innocently, 'for she could not suspect the hidden meaning

of the question, knowing as she did, the spotless integrity of her children.

‘Where is your husband,’ was the next question, ‘and why is he from home at such an early hour?’

‘He has gone to town to cut wood; but indeed I cannot tell you for what family.’

The face of the officer was now darkened by mistrust; he shook his head, gave a commission in a low tone to one of his attendants, who at once left the house, and turning to the children as they stood gazing anxiously upon him, he asked them, ‘Did you meet with Mrs. Wohlmuth? Was she in her chamber?’

‘No,’ replied Annie, as a deep blush overspread her face; her heart throbbed fore bodingly as she thought of those few dreadful moments they had passed alone in that splendid chamber. ‘No Sir, Mrs. Wohlmuth was not there;’ and she stopped.

‘Now go on, maiden, you waited until she came!’

Annie, strong in conscious innocence had by this time recovered her selfpossession and she began. ‘Yes Sir — we waited until she came and James was so astonished at the number of pretty things that lay scattered about, that I could hardly get him away, and just whilst dragging him to the door, Mrs. Wohlmuth stood before us.’

'Aha!' said the officer turning to James, 'then you have stolen the chain!'

With what unspeakable terror the three innocent creatures were seized; James fell on his knees, not because he was guilty but as if stricken down by a thunderbolt; he could not utter a word but 'no—no,' for violent sobs choked every attempt to speak. Annie however remained unmoved as she answered, 'No your honor, — no, it is not true, we have not seen any chain, neither did we touch any thing; we never—never did steal.'

The poor mother, witnessed the whole scene in sorrowful embarrassment; she wondered, how it was to end. Her children, raised in the fear of God and taught to honor his holy law, suspected and about to be punished as thieves, and with a voice trembling with emotion, she begged him to search the house. 'Do Sir, search the house, and God will make it manifest, how wrongly you suspect my children.'

The search began; no chest, box or drawer, — no spot in the whole house escaped the scrutiny of the police; but they did not find the chain. — Did they find anything? Yes — they found poverty, bitter poverty, but not the squalor of idleness; every thing was scrupulously clean, and the officer found his heart touched by what he saw. 'Their want must have tempted those children to take the chain,' thought he, 'and it is not strange that they did so.' — He began to

dread the arrival of his messenger, lest with Werner, in quest of whom he had been sent, he should also bring the chain. The children knelt together in a corner, and raised their hands to heaven in supplication; no words issued from their lips, but the sobs, that burst forth from their heaving breasts, reached to the mercy seat, and was listened to by the Great hearer of prayer. — Their mother stood near them, pale as a marble statue; her hands hung down as if paralyzed, and she found herself incapable alike of thought or action.

In this manner, two long hours passed over; at length the rattling of a carriage was heard in the street, — the children shrank closer into their corner, for the vision of a dark and dreary prison rose fearfully distinct before their souls; it stopped at the door, and almost breathless with emotion, Mr. and Mrs. Wohlmuth entered.

Like the rays of a sunbeam that darting through a canopy of black clouds illumines the landscape and gilds it with light, so did the words they uttered as with one voice, 'The children are innocent, — the chain has been found!' send joy to those troubled hearts. — 'Heaven be praised — a thousand times praised,' cried Barbara, as with tears in her eyes she clasped her children to her breast, and kissed them tenderly, unable still to utter a word but, 'God be praised!'

Mrs. Wohlmuth went on to explain. 'About an hour ago, my raven, which has always been permitted to go familiarly through the house, was found dead in his cage. His throat seemed large and swelled, and a sudden thought struck all present, that he must have stolen the chain. The event proved that our supposition was true, he had swallowed it, and was choked to death.'

'And now, my noble children,' said she addressing Annie and her brother, 'how shall I make amends for the suffering you have endured this morning?'

Just then poor Werner, his face dripping with perspiration and every feature expressive of dismay, came into the room. Before he had time to speak, however, Mr. Wohlmuth had taken him by the hand, and as he led him forward said, 'Leave that to me, wife, and you, good people, be happy. Forget all the sadness of this morning, and forgive us! From this day your poverty and misery is at an end, for this day you must take your place, Werner, in my manufactory. I want honest people there, so you shall be my steward. Mrs. Werner, give me your hand; and you too, my good children — so, there was a hearty skake.'

In almost speechless joy, these simplehearted people looked into his eyes to see if he was in earnest or not. They read truth and benevolence there so fully revealed, that their hearts were assured and they thanked him warmly.

His wife was not behind him in her endeavors to indemnify them for what they had suffered, and they were too truly Christian to be unforgiving.

After the lapse of an hour, the carriage drove off, but a full purse remained behind; the family but lately so poor found themselves comparatively rich and once more alone. What was the first thing they did? — Why, to kneel down together and thank God for the suffering, from which such flowers of hope now sprung, promising to endeavour to walk worthy of their Christian calling in all things, to keep his commandments and do his will and entreating that if again the dark hours of poverty were to be experienced by them, then as well as in the more dangerous brightness of prosperity they might be enabled to pray, 'Lord lead us not into temptation,' and firmly to trust that God would ever as he had done this day, 'deliver from all evil.'

'Deliver us from Evil.'

She was not behind her in her endeavors to faithfully
 serve the Lord, and they were too truly
 friends to be separated.

After the death of an hour, the carriage drove off, but
 a rich party remained behind: the family, but lately so poor
 and destitute, now rich and once more alone.
 What was the first thing they did? Why, to kneel down
 and thank God for the blessing, from which such
 show of mercies at present, promising to endeavor to walk
 in the path of duty.

Deliver us from Evil.

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 in the path of duty.



'Deliver us from Evil.'

I had a little favorite once, whose short history I will tell, as simply and as briefly as her days passed by, and it may serve as a slight monument on which is inscribed the short record of her early life. It is not much indeed, but my young as well as older readers may be able to learn something from it even as I have; and that will be enough.

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful Autumn day that I returned from a tour I had been making, and my carriage drove up to the door of the lately rented dwelling. My landlord, dressed in his holiday garb, met me as I ascended the steps with a face radiant as a sunbeam; the servants bade me welcome but I saw nothing of my young landlady. Every thing — even the steps and floor — shone as if in festival order, so that I, astonished, enquired, if the calendar named this as a holiday.

'I should think it was,' said my landlord smiling, 'come and see for yourself.'

The parlor door was open, a table covered with deli-

cacies stood forth invitingly, wine sparkled in the glasses, guests were standing around and the newest guest, for whom all this preparation was made, was introduced to me: a sweet tender little infant who had only a few days before awaked to mortal life, and just an hour since was admitted by the name of 'Anna' into the holy bond of Christ's communion by baptism. 'May God bless you little Anna,' said I caressing the babe, who from this hour became my especial favorite.

My room was not far from my darling's nursery, and I was constantly made aware not only of the state of her health, from the best source, but afterwards of all her pretty doings and sayings. And now having brought myself forward just so far as to show that this little sketch is from real life, I now retreat into the background and tell only of my darling and her gentle mother.

Anna during the first year of her life did not differ from other children. She slept more than half her time, and this was praiseworthy, although she did not receive any praise on that head; she ate her pap with an appetite that did not need any additional sharpness from sugar, and because she could not talk, she screamed like any other child whenever she wanted any thing. — At last she began to laugh, then to show pleasure when those she loved approached her, next learned to walk and then to speak, and lisped — 'Father and Mother' — so sweetly as if she had put

all the love of her life in the words. — In one year, she was a sweet infant, in two a most bewitching little creature, in three a most beautifully behaved little maiden, in four the intelligent daughter already of use to her mother, and at five a most indefatigable knitter.

Anna had a brother and sister who were older than herself and two younger. Every one loved her, for she loved every body, and love begets love. To wards her elders she was always submissive, to those younger than herself kind, behaving to her little sisters with affection and taking an almost motherly care that they did not become engaged in mischief nor in quarrels.

She had a tender heart and it expanded its affection in fullest flow upon her parents; throwing her arms round her father when he came in or embracing her mother as if she wished to find entrance into their very hearts; and even when she sat quietly knitting or dressing her doll, she would put up her rosy mouth for her mother to kiss. And as love prompts to make all around us happy if we can; so did our little Anna do every thing she could not only for her parents but others, — indeed she was an uncommonly good child.

Her intellectual capacity unfolded itself rapidly, like the butterfly born only for a day, that starts into almost magic life, or the flower that blooms only one night, but surpasses all others in its shortlived beauty. Purity and

plainness were the principal features of her mind's character, the stories which she heard read or related she would tell over to her younger sisters never varying a word or exaggerating; clear and truthful in her narrations, she was listened to most attentively. — With such a capacity she made great progress and could read and write better than many a school girl of eight years, and her talent for figures was altogether uncommon. O what joy beamed in her eyes on Anna's day, — for her birth day was the anniversary of her mother's, — when she handed her dear mother a pair of stockings of her own knitting, and her first written letter. They are both lying in her mother's little trunk, witnesses that I have told the truth, and that Anna was a very industrious little maiden.

As I have said she progressed most rapidly in her improvement; she seemed to press diligently forward like a man who has to perform a task at a limited time, having, when that is finished, something else to do. Was it necessary that Anna had such a work to finish before a greater should be begun?

It was now Autumn, and Anna's sixth birth day had been celebrated. Nothing clouded the hilarity of that festive occasion except a troublesome cough that kept her a few days from school, and that the seat of honor reserved for her is empty. She grew a little better and thought, 'I must have patience, it is winter now and so cold that I will love to

be close to the fire, but when the snow is melted, and the earth is green and the flowers come back, then I will be well again.'

The new year came, another milestone of life was passed; Anna's hand had written the new number; — the first cold month had said 'Adieu' and the sun shone down more smilingly, as if he would have said 'Patience.'

My darling! didst thou say that word in thy heart? Thou didst look so mild and gentle, and thy whole expression was so heavenly; — it seemed as if an angel was whispering that soothingly blessed word to thee, a word that but few understand.

Anna lay on her little bed, her throat was very sore and her breathing difficult; she is sick; very sick. Her crib is drawn close to her mother's bed, but her mother is not lying beside her; — it strikes the hour of midnight, but she is not sleeping. — The moon is sailing in the cloudless sky and the stars are twinkling faintly, morning is almost here, but the mother is still watching beside her sick child. — The physician comes, feels the throbbing pulse and feverish hand, writes a long prescription; it is brought; the mother pours it out and as she does so, whispers softly to herself. Disturb her not for she prays, 'Lord! deliver us from all evil.'

What is evil? Why, Sin. But sin hovers not round this bed; innocence and infant piety spread their guardian

wings over the little couch. What is an Evil? Ah Poverty is an evil, but it is far from here and even were it near, what a wealth of parental love is present to outweigh and ward it off. What is an Evil? Ah Sickness is an evil and 'O Heavenly Father, deliver my darling from it!'

'Mother, I do not want to take medicine; it tastes so bad,' said Anna turning away from the spoon. 'But it will do you good darling, take it for me.' 'Ah dear Mother, must I die?' — 'Die my child, my darling little Anna? — No, I hope not — I trust you well get well and shall have nice playthings, and pictures and books.'

Her Father too often sat by her bed and tried to amuse her by drawing little sketches, with which, when not too sick, she was always delighted.

Anna now yielded to all that her parents required of her. She was more lovingly obedient than she had ever been in her days of health, and her understanding matured with almost magical rapidity. But from day to day she grew worse; quicker and weaker grow the strokes of the pulse, more and more restless the nights, until at last the little one lay touched by the finger of death.

Maternal love — holiest, most sacred of all human feelings; how great a conqueror art thou. What else but thyself could conquer the tears which spring from the deep fountain of a sorrow like this; or suppress the expression

of a grief coming from the bitterest source which has a place in the human heart?

See that pious gentle mother beside the sickbed of her dying child. Six days have passed, and she is unwearied in her labor of love, six nights have gone by, and she has never closed her eyes in sleep; her cheek is pale with watching, and her spirit is sad, but as often as her child looks up enquiringly into her face, she tries to seem cheerful and she speaks encouraging words of God's love and mercy, although her own hopes are low.

How often she knelt beside the little bed and pressing her child's pale face to her heart, would raise her eyes to heaven and say 'Lord deliver us from all evil, Amen!' and it was at last as she thus prayed, that the gentle spirit was borne by the messenger angel to that world, where there is no evil to fear.

O holy — blessed privilege of prayer; that never, never fails to meet with a hearing. If Good, in the counsels of His eternal Wisdom, does not see good to free us from the burden of our sorrow when we ask it, He will make our very tribulation to work for good, and give us strength to bear and suffer, even as he strengthened the Saviour to bear the agony in the garden through the sustaining angel. Look upon this Christian, trusting mother, and find her example to prove the truth of these words.

She wept and her tears fell on the face of her dead child, now so impressibly beautiful beneath the signet of the stern conqueror. — She recalled her in her innocent and frolicsome moods, as playing around her; she prepared so many hours of happiness for her; and she thought too of the hopes she had fondly cherished, now blasted by the cold hand of death, and the long pent up tears would flow. — And let them flow even as they will — they are the bath and balm of the soul, ordained by God for the soothing of an agonized heart!

But this pious mother had another source of consolation; and in the submissive spirit taught by the words of holy Whrit, she tried to feel, that by death, her child was delivered from evil. — ‘O God,’ she said, ‘thy ways are not our ways, and thy thoughts are not our thoughts; but as the heaven is higher than the earth, so are the counsels of thy will beyond our comprehension!’ and pressing her hand upon her heart as if to still its stormy beating, she prepared to yield calmly and quietly to the will of God. What a comfort was it in that hour to know that Anna’s short life had been such a happy one; her own sweet temper had kept up a perpetual sunshine around her, and now she did not weep hopelessly, because the grave had hidden her darling from her sight. No — she was removed from the earth, but still spiritually near, for it was her confidence

that purified spirits still hovered round the loved ones on earth, and she could not grieve that Anna was become the guardian angel of the rest.

This is the monument I have erected for thee, my own little darling. Is the life of man to be numbered by the years they live? O no! — whether long or short, the end is the same to all; if only they have well performed the task allotted to them. — And now dear children, listen to me! You too have weighty duties to perform, God's eye is resting on you and whilst He numbers the hairs of your head, he regards all you do, — nothing is so trivial that he does not notice it. — Are you quarrelsome and disobedient, — he views your strife with displeasure, and blesses your relents even as he judges the strifes of men and blesses their efforts for peace. — He rewards every conquest you acquire over your own hearts and evil tempers, just as he does a triumph over severe temptation. Every good and evil deed are equally weighed in the balance of his justice no matter how trifling, and if he sees best to close your lives like that of Anna in their earliest years, you may yet rejoice, even as did the great apostle, and like him and be able to say 'I have fought a good fight and have finished my course,' and in such confidence, enter into the heavenly rest prepared for the children of God from the foundation of the world.

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